HOROSCOPES

LIFESTYLES CONDOMS

ALIENS!

SECOND LIFE

CHILEAN TRAVELOGUE

2PAC

OREGON VOICE

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baby-makin music since 1989

the LIFE issue

editor-in-chief
NOAH DEWITT

publisher
MARGARET APPEL

art director
TAYLOR JOHNSTON

managing editor
LUCY OHLSEN

layout director
COURTNEY HENDRICKS

multimedia director
NOAH PORTER

advertising director
LISA INOUE

associate editors
BEN STONE
JOSEPH DE SOSA
TROY BRYNELSON

cover art
JULIAN WATTS

contributors
IMOGEN BANKS, CHELSEY BOEHNKE, TRACE CABOT, JORDAN CHESNUT, CLAIRE SCHECHTMAN, SCHUYLER DURHAM, JULIAN EARNEST, BENJAMIN FICKLIN, ALLISON FONDER, SAIGE KOLPACK, JOSH LARSEN, ZACH MCKINNEY, MARY-KATE MORONEY, LISA HARRIS, ALLISON FONDER, PARKER MULLINS, WILL PAUGH, BRETT SISUN, WILL STEVENS, JACK WASHER, JULIAN WATTS, MITCHELL RIVET, ALEX FALLENSTEDT, SREANG HOK, MEGHAN LARKIN, MARGOT DENMAN, SHININGGRASS, ANDREW HARDT, AIDAN MCLEAN, AZUL DAHLSTROM-ECKMAN, THE WOLF

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LETTERS

At the Oregon Voice, we love to hear from *you*. Friend or enemy, feel free to spit hate or stroke our egos. Send mail to:

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Suite 4
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Dear Oregon Voice,

I used to be a student and I used to work in the Institute of Neuroscience as a staff member.

SHAME ON YOU GUYS nowadays who have filthy mouths and minds. Clean up the filth!! An idea, story etc. can be told w/o the dirty words. I have no respect for you or the U of O. Shame on the U of O for letting all of you continue with filthy words and minds. Clean up the Oregon Voice and other publications.

Also an education comes first not stupid drunken parties. Get a life, Mary-Kate Moroney!! You need a good spanking. What a filthy mouth.

The following need to wash their mouths out with lye soap:

Mary-Kate	*Saige*
Troy	*Margaret*
Colette	*Lucy*
Schuyler	*Taylor*

Gingerbread Column

We don't need photos of filthy words either. If you can't write w/o filthy words you have no respect for yourself or your readers!!

Why should I attend a University or send my children to the university to learn filthy language? I will not recommend the U of O to anyone. Why? The U of O's values have degraded.

-Joan

Cherished and Disgruntled Reader:

Thank you for the beautifully composed letter, we always appreciate feedback and constructive criticism from our readers. What the fuck, lady? Do we need to remind you that this is a free fucking country? Do you know what that means? Free speech, free press, and all that other crap. Students pay $20,000 a year to attend this university, and it would be a damn shame if none of that skrilla went to funding publications like ours, where students are free to express themselves however the fuck they want.

It's actually very easy to *not read* our magazine, but in case you don't know how: start by *not* picking up the Oregon Voice. If this doesn't work for you, try just holding it and not opening it. Maybe roll it up and use it to spank young girls like Mary-Kate Moroney to satisfy your spanking fetish. If you don't like our magazine, don't read it. Read *Ethos*.

Filthy,

Margaret Appel
Publisher

OFFICIAL STUFF

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mailing address
Oregon Voice Magazine
1228 University of Oregon
Suite 4, Eugene OR 97403

contact
ovoice@uoregon.edu
www.oregonvoice.com
(541) 346-4769

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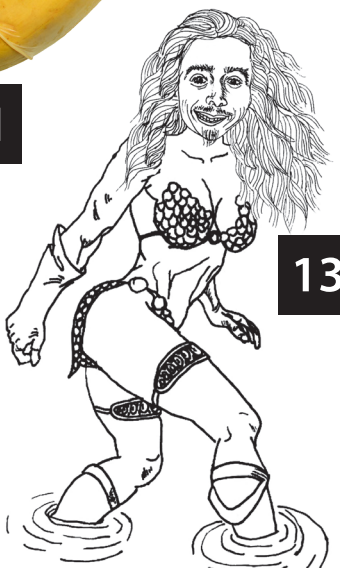

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Chill Spot Review: *The Roma Stoop*

words **NOAH DEWITT**
photo **ALEX FALLENSTEDT**

If you ever find yourself on campus with time to kill and enough energy to sit around and do nothing, the stoop on the sidewalk in front of Espresso Roma is a prime chill spot. Strategically located on campus-bound traffic artery 13th Avenue, the stoop offers unparalleled people watching (and listening — fully half of Oregon Voice's "Overheards" are picked up at the stoop). And if you chill there long enough, odds are a homie or two will spot you and join. It doesn't take long for a chill sesh of one to snowball into a small rally. Unlike other campus-area chill spots such as the Memorial Quad or the EMU Amphitheater, there are a number of convenient amenities within a just few feet of the Roma stoop. First there's Espresso Roma itself, where stoop chillers can grab a for-here cup of drip and a pastry. Then there's the payphone between Roma and Starbucks with its crinkled, rain-weathered phonebook — which could conceivably be useful. If you need some reading material, just grab a *Eugene Weekly* (or better yet, an Oregon Voice) from the adjacent row of newspaper boxes. And if you're an ignorant fool and opt to take your coffee in a to-go cup, don't fret. There's an overflowing garbage can right next to the stoop where you can properly dispose of it. But the stoop's dopest asset is its south-facing vantage: It get's a lot of sun. Like enough to grow fucking grapes. So whenever the sun decides to rear its beautiful, shining head, go to the stoop and cop your dosage of vitamin D. A word of caution: Watch out for the cig scrounger who frequents the stoop. He isn't there to socialize. He is there to pick up nubs of Pall Malls and smoke them down to the filter while nervously twiddling his tobacco-stained fingers. Although he has a scraggly white beard and hangs out on 13th Avenue, he is not Frog. Whatever you do, don't call him Frog. **Rated: 10 hours of sleep out of 10 consecutive all-nighters.**

Review: *Quakers*

words **BEN STONE**

This March, the steadfast old schoolers at Stones Throw Records in Los Angeles are launching another campaign in their decades-long crusade to bring you that raw hip-hop. It's a project called Quakers, a shorthand reference to the earthquakes that roll so heavy in Southern California. Production duties go to Fuzzface and 7-Stu-7, affiliates of English trip-hop/electronic group Portishead, and Australian producer Katalyst. Though Quakers are relatively unknown in American hip-hop circles, they have taken cues from visionary Stones Throw rap cats like Madlib and J Dilla to write 41 tracks — all of them hard, about two minutes long, and crackling.

The crackle comes from Quakers' beats, which are a gritty cross between cutthroat, horn-heavy soul and the dark synthesizer angles of artists like Dabrye and Tobacco. Underneath all the tones that this record sets, from ominous to funky, is that slack, snappy beat pioneered by J Dilla, so prepare to nod your head to some herky-jerky syncopation. The 29 MCs who Quakers enlist are almost uniformly dope, with MCs Guilty Simpson and Phat Kat bringing the bluntly-rhymed menace, Booty Brown flexing the old Pharcyde sing-song flow, and Jonwayne rhyming some confusingly fresh-sounding lines like these ones on "Smoke": *It's the basement dwelling virgin/On the verge of murkin' those/ Who try to rearrange my station/So be stayin' on your toes.* Comfortingly, Quakers is nothing more and nothing less than what it says it is. The MCs focus on making their wordplay sound cool, and the producers focus on making it bump. With a flick of the wrist, Stones Throw has once again launched a murky-ass counterpoint to watery rap jams everywhere. Turn *Quakers* up loud enough and things will crumble.

Rated: The Cat Daddy out of the Hokey Pokey

Album: *Ten$ion*
Artist: *Die Antwoord*

words **MITCHELL RIVET**

In the wake of their split from Interscope records, hip-hop group Die Antwoord released *Ten$ion*, their second studio release on their own, newly formed Zef Records. The group consists of three members (Ninja, Yo-Landi Vi$$er, and DJ Hi-Tek), all hailing from South Africa. Their music is a combination of rave and hardcore rap influence. Supposedly, they broke with Interscope in protest of the company wanting to take more creative direction of their music. Too bad this awesomely rebellious move resulted in boring, half-assed music. Now I am a man who enjoys completely dirty and fucked up tracks, but this record lacks any of the nuance required to make freaky shit listenable. Neither Ninja nor Yo-Landi offer up any real MC cred. Ninja's rhymes particularly suck on "Hey Sexy," which awkwardly feels like an episode of *Jersey Shore* with Ninja yelling "'EY SEXEE, SEXEE, WOOP, WOOP, WOOP, WOOP" for the chorus. The second half of the album seems to move towards their pedophilic fan base with the creepy "Uncle Jimmy" skit and "U Make A Ninja Wanna Fuck," where Ninja tells his would-be lover, "You look real cute with my dick in your mouth BITCH!" In context this line doesn't come off as funny at all and reflects the lack of humor and surprise throughout the record. The production on *Ten$ion* is also terribly simple, lacking any good beats or melodies. The first song "Never Le Nkemise 1" begins with epic strings and a whistling chorus, but then shits all over itself when it breaks down into dubstep fun with Ninja yelling, "'Cause I'm a mutherfucking Ninja!" This throwing up all over everything is an admirable element of Die Antwoord's aesthetic, but it's so poorly executed that the whole album feels like they just accidentally spewed all over themselves and started rubbing it on each other at a rave (or sick frat party!). Overall, this record is alright to black out and hump strangers to, especially if you're feeling extra dirty or empty inside, but don't consider it for anything beyond that.

Rated: Zero out of Four Lokos.

Oh Schnit! Review: *The Long Now*

words **WILL STEVENS**

Winter term puts my balls in a vice. Biking through torrential downpours and feeling mired in an unsatisfactory area of study aren't exactly bonuses. But while tramping in mud-soaked jeans through the Schnitzer's "The Long Now" — an exhibition featuring works by art department faculty members, I rediscovered the diverse brilliance nestled in our campus.

The echoing murmurs heard on opening night in the Jordan Schnitzer's lobby suggested this exhibition was the best art faculty showing to date. It's not difficult to see why. The "long now" theme — one that seems purposefully accommodating for the strengths of all contributors, evokes a protracted present with the intent of expanding one's own sense of time through countless forms of abstraction. The range of technique, from traditional to completely unconventional shows the richness within the UO art community.

Upon entering the gallery you are greeted by Michael Salter's gigantic "ANDY" — a robotic shark made entirely of Styrofoam packing pieces. The figure immediately reminded me of the cargo ship from *Alien*, as you aren't quite sure whether to focus on its overwhelming mass, or get lost in its obscure composition.

One of my favorite pieces was Carla Bengston's "R/RRR/RRRR/RRRRR," an interactive piece that relied on Amazonian leaf cutter ants to form the composition. The ants walked through nontoxic ink and onto a tiny canvas, which was then enlarged. The idea is similar to Tim and Eric's "Pussy Doodles" sketch, I swear. YouTube it. My apologies, Carla.

Other favorites included Ron Graff's incredible paintings "Mitigation" and "Migration," and Jack Ryan's layered "Weeping Meteor/ Weeping Geodesic" — which contrasts geometric, organic, and technological elements to create a very personal statement. It seems everyone has their own favorite piece at this exhibit, and it's hard to not appreciate the countless things happening.

Rated: Caviar out of Cheez Whiz

GAMEZ

BIOLOGICAL WORD SEARCH

BEAKER
BONING
BREATH
CELLS
CREATION
DARWIN
DNA
EGG
GESTATION
HOMEOSTASIS
METABOLISM
MITOSIS
MUCOUS
ORGANISMS
PETRIDISH
POOP
SELECTION
SPERM
SYMBIOSIS

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I I E C Q I N O I T A T S E G
L B K E M S I L O B A T E M M
P O A S Y M B I O S I S H Y E
S N E O R G A N I S M S W V P
S I B U N D Q N Z A I E A I K
T N L R S E L E C T I O N D Q
E G Z W G S I S O T I M D V S
W H J B P U C U D A R W I N E
E T A H O M E O S T A S I S S
V A Q T O D G F Y G S N A L H
J E X U P Q G F N H G C L R U
C R E A T I O N Z S P E R M Z
Y B R P D R F B X Q C J M H D

NO RESPECT

R E S P E

Republican presidential candidates continue to be taken seriously by someone, somewhere.

Invisible Children produces confusing and expensive video about some asshole.

Panda Express attends Asian Celebration.

Contraception getting fucked with to distract Americans from actual problems.

ESPN racist bastards.

Oregon Commentator prints lengthy quote from Voice dawg Noah Porter in failed attempt to slander, successful attempt to fill half a page.

PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ™

LYDIA VAN DREEL

DEPARTMENT:
SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE
POSITION: ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HORN
UNDERGRAD GPA: I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST
WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG? "I WILL SURVIVE", BUT I SING IT JUST LIKE THE GUY FROM CAKE
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
RACHEL MADDOW!
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
WE ALL SHINE ON, LIKE THE MOON AND THE STARS AND THE SUN.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
"I CAN'T…"

TOM WHEELER

DEPARTMENT:
JOURNALISM
POSITION: PROFESSOR
UNDERGRAD G.P.A. : I'M GUESSING ABOUT A 3.0, UCLA
WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
I'M NOT A KARAOKE PERSON, BUT IN THE CAR I SEEM TO SING ALONG LOUDEST WITH THE WHO.
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
ARETHA FRANKLIN, THAI FOOD, ANCHOR STEAM, THE XKE, ROCK AND ROLL, ELECTRIC BLUES, RAY CHARLES
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
WE MOVE INTO THE HEARTS OF OUR LOVED ONES.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
DID I MISS ANYTHING?

Look for more Professor Trading Kardz™ in our upcoming issues. Make sure you never miss an issue of OREGON VOICE ever, or else your collection will be incomplete and therefore worthless!

JoJo releases new single.

Taylor's dollar beer night actually pretty awesome.

Loyal blood donor faints in Duck Store, takes one for the team.

Gay marriage be legalizing itself all over town.

C T R U M

MAD RESPECT

UO Music school has its own knitting club.

The Buzz now offering three kinds of cream cheese.

ASUO Over-realized Committee reccommending mad money to future Campus Bike Share Program.

OREGON VOICE PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ ™

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL

Getting a college education is, we're told, an investment for the future. But when you graduate to discover that your BA doesn't necessarily guarantee employment, you are going to wish you had a backup plan. That's why the **OREGON VOICE** is releasing these limited edition Professor Trading Kardz™. In 50 years, these collector's items will be worth more than you can imagine. Carefully cut out the individual Kardz™, keep them in protective sleeves so you don't devalue them by breathing on them, and save them for a rainy day. Collect all 150!

OREGON VOICE

TOM WHEELER

Journalism

OREGON VOICE

LYDIA VAN DREEL

School of Music and Dance

THAT CAMPUS HOTTIE

It won't be long before the steam radiating from this hottie wilts the very pages of this magazine, leaving you with nothing but a soggy wad of hope that you'll catch a glimpse of him in action. This hunk of hipster romance novel was scared and hungover when he learned he would be receiving the prestigious title of Oregon Voice Campus Hottie, but he took it like a glistening bronze barbarian, humbly accepting his much-deserved title. Ben regularly sets the Cinema Studies department ablaze with a simple whip of his hair, and cinematically speaking I think we all know he's lined up for the lead role in that *Legends of the Fall* remake, should it ever finally go into production. For the sake of your retinas do not stare directly into this hottie!

Name: Benjamin Goodson

Age: 25

Major: Cinema Studies

Relationship Status: UNCLAIMED

Favorite Movie: *To Kill A Mockingbird*

Favorite band/musician: Tom Waits

Turn-ons: Big hair

Turn-offs: Small hair, aggression

Guilty pleasure: Alcohol

Celebrity crush: Ryan Gosling

Sleeping attire of choice: Birthday suit

Ideal date: Not. Awkward.

HOROSCOPES

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

Aries (March 21-April 20)

What up, ram? As you prepare for the spring equinox on the 20th, the poles will align, making it difficult for you to focus on academic affairs. If you can tame your impulses through the 23rd, you'll be able to start chilling on a grand scale. Keep in mind this month that there is more to life than being really, really good-looking, namely, having a lot of money. But money will be hard to come by, so focus on looking good and you should be fine.

Taurus (April 21-May 21)

It's been quite a month, eh? Well bust out the slow jams and get ready to slow things down a bit to "reconnect" with "old friends". The inspiration is just what you need to get motivated this month, but it would be wise to check yourself thoroughly prior to wrecking yourself.

Gemini (May 22-June 21)

During the week of the spring equinox you may be speeding on your way to the club, hurrying to get to some baller or singer or something like that. While trying to put on your makeup in the mirror, signs point to you crashing into a ditch. Try to avoid said catastrophe, and similar situations you may find yourself in, and do your best not to let the cat out of the bag. Kitty's got claws.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Feelin' crabby? It sounds like you should probably chill, dawg. Towards the end of this month, you may be inclined to get your panties in a bunch. If it helps, pick that wedgie, but you may want to avoid the grundies completely by embracing a more natural approach. Do what feels right, but more importantly, do the right thing. Shout out to the moon, your ruling planet.

Leo (July 23-Aug.21)

Roar, Leo baby, roar. Clearing up your schedule may require you to cough up a few hairballs, but trust me — you need the extra space. Eat waffles, think about tiny animals, watch porn, pray to false gods. You should really take some time to yourself to remember the simple things that make you happy, and horny. Ya dig?

Virgo (Aug. 22-Sept. 23)

Did you know Beyoncé is a virgo? If you've got any of that golden-diva-goddess shit running through your veins, you probably already know that this month's about to get freaky. Around the 20th, you may ask yourself, how did I get here? Look into the future for answers. Don't have baller Spring Break plans? Get crackin' baby! There's a whole world waiting to be explored.

Libra (Sep. 24-Oct. 23)

With your girl Venus lookin' out, you can do no wrong this month. In other words, this is the perfect opportunity to step outside of your comfort zone and take risks. Disregard those who discourage you; haters, on most occasions, will hate. By the same token, players are most likely going to play. You don't need them anyway, because Neptune is about to enter your 3rd house, and that's more than Scorpio can say...

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

As one chapter of your life draws to a close, flow like a waterfall into what may be waiting for you on the flip side. Be wary of those you confide in; not everyone has good intentions for you at this time. Keep your homies close and your copy of the Oregon Voice closer. If you need advice or help along the way, ask Gingerbeard [(405) 205-5409] and you need not look any further for answers.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)

Ready, aim, fire. But don't dish it if you aren't prepared to take it. Relationships are difficult to maintain this month, but don't give up on your social resources. For only 99 cents per minute you can chat with local hotties right now. You need not concern yourself with dollar bills now. Mo' money = mo' problems.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

Energy is high in the mind of a sea goat, and you might start to feel this wiggly feeling move to your toes, and you might start to dance all across the world. Dance your heart out, little sea goat, for you are now emerging from a chrysalis, which is a good thing — as long as you are ripe enough to leave the cocoon.

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

Your ideas will spread like wildfire, as long as you do your part to give them oxygen. With humanity's steady shift into the Aquarian age, it may seem that the world's endeavors rest heavy on your back, but the weight that you feel will only fuel your desire to initiate change. Because you are the water-bearer, you may feel so inclined to drink from any given spring, but beware — for it is possible that someone has urinated in the water hole.

Pisces (Feb.-March 20)

Happy Birthday Pisces! Keep your eyes and hands sharp this month; you may be administering one of the most important high fives of your life. It would be wise to spend as much time as possible outdoors, and maybe say what's up to your bestie, Neptune. Spend time nourishing your body and rejuvenating your spirit during this birth month, so as not to become a fish out of water.

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CONSUMER REPORT:
LIFESTYLES CONDOMS

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
photo **SREANG HOK**

In response to our first issue of the year, the Oregon Voice received a hand-written, misspelled rant of a letter concerning our colossal level of "filth." I was personally threatened with (promised?) a good spanking for my "filthy, filthy mouth," so naturally I decided to crank up the heat with this one. Wind up and give it to me, baby. But before we start gettin' kinky, be a dear and grab a fistful of those multi-colored rubbers from the Health Center, won't you? Scratch that — if you're doing anything right in the sack, you're going to need something more durable to get the most "bang" for your buck, so why not make it a Lifestyles condom? With an incredible variety to choose from, Lifestyles is known for manufacturing protection that feels natural every time. Ansell Ltd., the company that produces Lifestyles, specializes in the production of several barrier goods for the health care industry, including a variety of surgical gloves. I decided to do a little research on their most widely known "glove" to find out if their claim to fame is legit. As a woman, I couldn't tell you the first thing about choosing condoms. I'll take –– that one –– that won't get me pregnant. I think it's safe to assume that no one prefers the feel of condoms to the naturally lubricated shaft. By the same hand, it's probably safe to assume that anyone scoping out condoms at the corner store is not trying to pop out any little people in the next 9 months. Having made these assumptions, we can establish some criteria by which to judge our product. First and foremost, protection. In my research, my partner and I experienced some breakage with a generic-brand condom. The same cannot be said about the durable Lifestyles, which have been consistent throughout my research. Second, size. Lifestyles are known for fitting all sizes — no matter how big that dick is. "It's smooth," my partner panted during one experiment, "They're the most lubricated, so I can last longer." And last longer he did. The extra lubrication will prolong your love-making (or one-night-stand, you dirty dog), while simultaneously simplifying the whole slipping-in-slipping-out by a long shot. Though no condom can guarantee 100 percent satisfaction, take it from the satisfied: Lifestyles is what's up. Stop whackin' it and start wrappin' it with a product that you can trust.

RECIPE:
AMBROSIA SALAD

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **MEAGHAN LARKIN**

The word ambrosia comes from ancient Greece, where it was the name for the food of the gods. No one really knows what the components of the dish were, but only select few beings were allowed to eat it. Upon consumption, they would become immortal and remain that way unless they pissed off one of the temperamental gods or goddesses.

The only food today associated with ambrosia is ambrosia salad. Mini marshmallows, Jell-O, and pineapple have very little to do with Greece, and it is doubtful that they contribute to immortality or lasting health in any way. Ambrosia salad is one of those overly American foods that is just plain nasty.

The following recipe is a redemption of an ambrosia that would be more acceptable to Zeus' palate. It is inspired by the ingredients the Ancient Greeks would have had on hand. It is a savory salad, where rich, nutty purple barley is livened up by a honey-sweetened compote of onions and figs. The salad is given texture by chopped pistachios and tang from feta cheese.

A tall glass of mead and a piece of grilled fish would make this meal truly divine.

Ingredients

1 cup purple barley (from Eugene's Camas Country Mill if you know whats up)
3 cups water
½ yellow onion
½ red onion
1 clove garlic
1 Tbs olive oil
¼ cup dried figs, chopped
1/3 cup balsamic vinegar
1 Tbs honey
¾ cup feta cheese, cubed
½ cup chopped pistachio nuts

Toast the barley in a frying pan over high heat for about a minute, or until it smells nutty. Then cook the barley in the water on medium heat until the barley is tender. This can take as long as an hour.

Chop the onions and mince the garlic. Put them in a dry skillet over medium heat, and add a pinch of salt. When the onions are translucent and start sticking to the pan, add the olive oil and turn the heat to medium low. Let them caramelize, stirring occasionally.

After about 30 minutes, add about ¼ cup water to the onions, and then the vinegar, honey, and figs. Let this simmer over medium low heat for about 10 more minutes.

Mix the cooked barley and onion mixture together. When it has cooled slightly, add the pistachios and feta cheese.

DMT

(dimethyltryptamine)
hallucinations **IMOGEN BANKS**

IS A MOLECULE PRODUCED IN YOUR BRAIN WHEN YOU ARE BORN AND WHEN YOU DIE. IT IS ALSO FOUND IN SOME PLANTS, SUCH AS THE AYAHUASCA VINE. WHEN INGESTED OR SMOKED, DMT TRIGGERS A MIND-BENDING PSYCHEDLIC EXPERIENCE. IF YOU OR ANYONE YOU KNOW SHOULD FIND SOME, PLEASE HIT US UP AT OREGONVOICE@GMAIL.COM.

THE BRIEF, WONDROUS "PAST" LIVES OF TRACE CABOT

words **TRACE CABOT**
art **MARGOT DENMAN**

Reincarnation has been a popular topic of interest in the United States for decades now, but nobody seems to ask the obvious question: How can I get the most past-life bang for my current incarnation's buck? The Oregon Voice enlisted writer and leather enthusiast Trace Cabot to go directly to the source, Eugene's population of psychics and New Agers, with one goal; to find the best mystics possible and review them for the benefit of our readership. Upon learning that psychics actually charge the printing budget of this issue for a consultation, he turned towards an equally authoritative source for his inquiries: The Internet.

Rating Scale: To help readers along with my ground-breaking exposé, I've created an easy-to-understand rating scale from one to 10 for past life quality.

1 -13th Century French Dirtfarmer

3 - The Guy Who Coined the Term "Hitler-esque"

5 - The Inventor of the Quickie

7 - Johnny Rotten (Died with Punk in 1983)

9 - Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, or William Shakespeare

10 - Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, *and* William Shakespeare

Past Life #1: Red-Headed Mongolian Belly Dancer Who Killed Herself — moonwhisper.com

Finally, an explanation for my inability to dance that doesn't involve being the whitest man on the magazine's staff. Instead of blaming my Polish genetics, however, I can now focus on the real culprit: karmic imbalance. After discarding my extreme dancing talents by taking an early last waltz to the grave, my latest incarnation has been cursed to sort of shuffle awkwardly on the dance floor while avoiding eye contact with anyone in the room and praying that everyone assumes that I'm just trying to balance myself while on the verge of alcohol poisoning. Now that I can begin the process of healing, I fully expect to tap into my belly-shaking past and to take all comers as I follow my new calling as a B-Boy and/or ballerino. Look out, *Ethos*. The Voice has a new weapon for the Third Annual OV-Ethos Dance-Off, and it's coming at you straight from Xanadu. Now to figure out how a redhead ended up in Mongolia…

Rating: 3

Past Life #2: Arctic Warrior-Princess and Champion of the Oppressed, Circa 650 AD. – psychics.co.uk

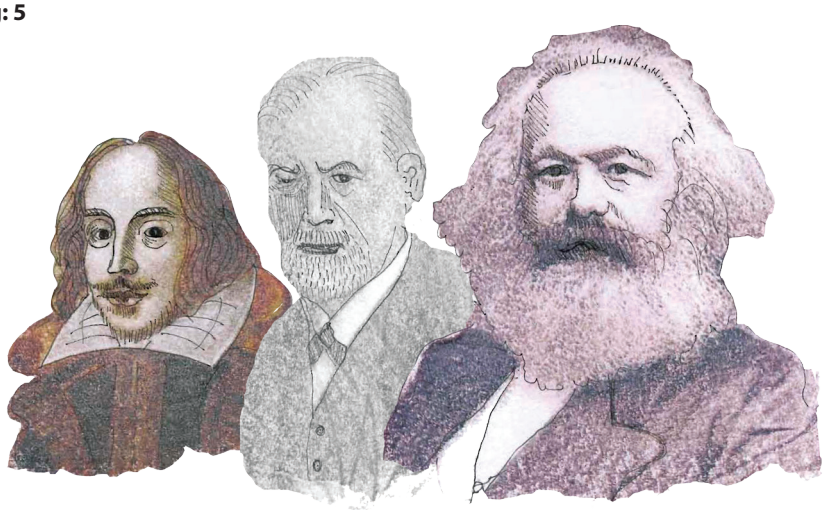
The experts at psychics.co.uk have finally recognized what I've known for years: I'm the reincarnation of a Robert E. Howard character. I'm not quite sure what there is to fight against in the Arctic; maybe Polar bears? Vikings? Did they even have Vikings in the arctic? Maybe unusually large man-eating seals? Time-travelling American oil-men? Regardless, when I wasn't giving Red Sonja a run for her money by taking down a tyrannical sasquatch or a particularly intimidating snowman, the experts tell me that my previous incarnation should teach me to: "develop [my] talent for love and should distribute these feelings to all people". If anyone in the readership would like to get in on some hot, Dharma-mandated action while the getting's good, contact me at tracecabot.warriorprincess@gmail.com.

Rating: 5

Past Life #3: Aristocrat, Actor, Philosopher, Theatrical Entrepreneur, and Politician-astrology.com

Astrology.com's shotgun approach confirmed what I knew from the beginning; I totally am the second coming of Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, William Shakespeare and James Dean. Their team of paranormal experts/Javascript application required an additional $15 for a "full reading", but I don't need them to boost my ego by confirming what I've already accepted as the truth. Though the University has thus far refused my request for honorary degrees for my various past life accomplishments, with my combination of James Dean's youthful but world-weary good looks and the talents of three of the most accomplished intellectuals in Western history, it's pretty much inevitable. You might want to get a head-start on referring to me as Dr. Cabot now. I give Astrology.com my highest rating. Would die and be reincarnated by their team of experts again.

Rating: 10



100-WORD MICROFICTION

EXTRA, EXTRA, EXRATERRESTRIAL

art **JACK WASHER**

words **JACK WASHER**

Countless years spent searching the outer voids in solitude seemed like a curse until this day. Our intrepid explorer approaches the red swirling mass that lay asleep within the deepest horizons of the cosmos. Preparing for first contact, the interplanetary conquistador calibrates his suit in silent apprehension. His first step out the sleek craft onto the red-ochre silt marks the end to a long journey, but with each step a pressure on his temples strengthens curiously. As he reaches the glint of civilization before him, the pressure surpasses its zenith and his body implodes under the weight of the atmosphere.

words **MARGARET APPEL**

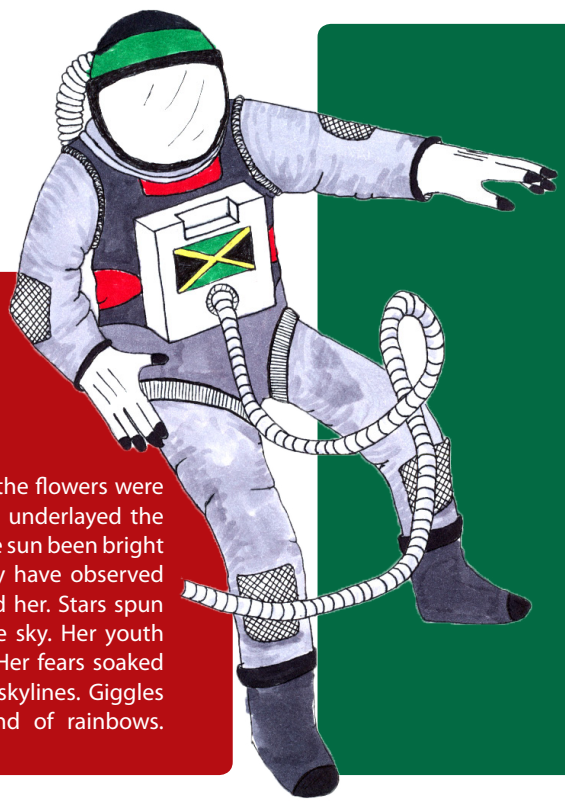
Pulled into the out there, and all I have to show for it is a glitter turd. I think, *a secret turd*. Glistening in its white new pool, every sparkle winks at me like a proud date-rapist. Whether they took something or gave something or both, it's shining now. I consider eating it. Even *what the fuck* has to start somewhere. Like an unhealthy turd by Earth standards, I sink. A warm licorice stick, I press my body to the tile floor and look out into the unknown brigades of linty build-up. I think, *all turds are secret*. I flush.

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

When she reached out to stroke his flesh, she caught whiff of the horrid smell she knew he loved. Putrid pink petals filled her nasal cavity, and her cheeks became a darker tinge of grey.

She felt his body grow tense with anticipation, felt it emit puffs of cold air as the seeds in his belly began to wake up for the voyage of a lifetime. She imagined where the seed would soon be, sleepily developing and feeding off her brain. Her thoughts floundered and her cheeks whitened.

Arousal stymied, she shrank away from him, muttering, "forgot to take my pesticides."



words **THE WOLF**

Instantly the rumble of anger softens the throat. His eyes cloud, lightning strikes forth from among his irises. What is an angry man composed of? Is it the terrific thunder that encapsulates his already darkened thoughts? He happened to be full of the fury of heaven scorned, why should his will and judgment be defied?! "What do you mean STRIKE? That FUCKER was a ball at my goddamn shins!!!" growls the man. "I'm sorry Mr. Bonds but it was a strike, take your seat or I'm gonna boot ya." "Fuck it" said the pissed off former role model.

words **BENJAMIN FICKLIN**

She died amongst roses. Her hair was red while the flowers were unbloomed bundles of life. The stench of death underlayed the garden's fragrance. Her eyes were open, so had the sun been bright (instead of the night being fogged) passers may have observed a resting girl. It was hours before anybody found her. Stars spun through the universe as her thoughts found the sky. Her youth crossed the sea and became the ocean's scent. Her fears soaked the ground, rising mountains that commanded skylines. Giggles bubbled springs. Wonderment became the end of rainbows. Everyone's morning yawn, inhaled her breath.

DIY: LIFE OF THE PARTY

words **MARGARET APPEL**
font **JULIAN WATTS**

Hey party animals! The Oregon Voice knows that sometimes it can be hard to keep the party sexy, and we're here to help. Below you will find 10 easy steps to a full "life of the party" transformation. Your days of going with the flow are over.

STEP 1: INVITE INTERACTION

In the age of social networking, the party unofficially begins 3-5 days before the actual party — on the high-stakes wall of the Facebook invitation. It is crucial that you establish yourself as a contender for LOTP in these tender early stages. Post a humorous video or photo on the wall of the invite to create a buzz.

STEP2: SELF-PREPARATION

You'll obviously want to be looking your best for the party, but there's no reason that the process of getting ready shouldn't be it's own party. It is important before the big night to look yourself in the mirror and ask a single question: "Would you fuck me?"—with the natural response, of course, being: "I'd fuck me." This simple confidence-boosting strategy was first exercised cinematically by skin-enthusiast Buffalo Bill, but has now become common practice among LOTPs. Grab a cold one from the fridge to enjoy as you shower, and keep a playlist of inspirational party jams bangin' at all times.

STEP3: AQUISITION OF ALCOHOL

Also known as "the Elixir of Party Life," alcohol is something you cannot skimp on if you're out to be the LOTP. The best strategy here is to pick up a fifth of liquor and remind yourself that sharing is caring. Obviously, something a little nicer is going to be more of a hit, but I've seen many LOTPs get by with a bottom shelf product. The important part is the offering of shots to fellow guests of the party. Watch out, however, for packs of co-op hippies looking to feed off of your generosity.

STEP 4: PRE-GAMING

Pre-gaming is an activity exercised by anyone ranging from the life of the party to the death of the party. But, just to be clear, this is an absolutely essential step in becoming the LOTP. Grab some of your closest friends and have a few responsible drinks before heading out. This is a good time to declare your goals for the night, set healthy limitations (i.e. not blacking out, vomiting), and establish wingmanship/wingwomanship.

STEP 5: ENTERING THE ZONE

Finally, you have arrived. Be sure to do this at no earlier time than 10:30 pm, being that 10 is the new 9. If you want to be the LOTP, entrance energy is key. Don't be afraid to make some noise, hoot like a gorilla and express your genuine excitement at seeing your most beloved "in-class friends."

STEP 6: HOLLER AT THE HOST

Establishing a good relationship with the party's host is necessary and rewarding. Make an effort to meet them, and ask for the tour. They will appreciate your interest in their home and friendly persona. Compliment their home and decorating, and ask if it's cool that you put your booze in the fridge.

STEP7: FIND "THE ROOM"

Almost every party as a fun-dominating room, where the most energetic gather and share drinks. Often this is the kitchen, as it houses drinking supplies and is naturally the most social room in the house. Find the room and post-up with some people you recognize from class, offer them shots and make fun of your professor.

STEP8: GAME VS. DANCE

Perhaps the most fragile element of any social gathering is the notion of a dance party. As the party's life it is your responsibility to be perceptive of the possibility of a dance party, but also accepting of it's demise, which is likely. If the sound system is good and you see a reasonably workable dance space, give dance party initiation a whirl. Bring your new friends and your fifth of alcohol closer to the music source, and begin to shake your booty, but reamain open to the possibility of dance party deflation. Often when the dance party can't happen organically, it's more of a drinking game environment. Drinking games are frequently initiated by the LOTP, and it's important to choose a game that many people are familiar with, or one that can be explained easily. Suggestions: Flip Cup, 7-11 Dubs, Beer Pong, Quarters, Asshole, Thumper. Note: King's Cup is not recommended for large parties as it often results in a bunch of people arguing over the rules.

STEP 9: THE SONG

Always keep a slapper in your back pocket. It's important to be respectful of the house playlist, but since you've established a good relationship with the party's host, they will be welcoming of your song suggestion. Throw on a great song at the perfect moment and everyone will appreciate what you've done. This can usually only be executed if the music is coming from a laptop and you can access your party jam on YouTube. However, be sure not to let this go spiraling into a YouTube song-off, known destroyer of dance parties.

STEP10: THE EXIT

Great exits are important in all walks of life, and the college party is no exception. Since you have made yourself the LOTP, the party should naturally die when you leave. You should feel that you've experienced the climax of the party, but ultimately you're not sticking around to watch things get sloppy. Whether you're moving on to get consensually freaky, or hit a bar with your most solid companions, leave the room giving big hugs and high fives, holding your head high and knowing that you've given this party life tonight.

Virtual**Reality**Check

Two Portland twenty-somethings—and their avatars—grapple with dick barons and other perverts in the digital world ***Second Life***.

words and photos **WILL PAUGH**

"I used to go into Yahoo chatrooms during 7th grade and catch pedophiles," Cody tells me. "With the name lonelyprincess13 I'd just turn in the evidence to the police. It was more because I was bored."

He wears his long brown hair in a slick ponytail. Around his neck is a string with a red USB drive tied to it. It's not clear whether he sports it for fashion or function, but either way, it seems to complete the package: Cody is a seasoned resident of the digital world known as *Second Life*. Years as an ever-present observer and curious participant make him the perfect guide. In my expedition into the virtual world, he's my Sacagawea. He sits in the corner of a Portland Starbucks. Hands folded, he concentrates on every word that leaves his mouth. As the transition lenses on his glasses become clearer, so does his story. Cody Izzo is from the Internet.

What separates *Second Life* from a video game is that it is quite literally a digital life with no linear goal or instruction. *Second Life* only limits users to make what they can imagine, and this has spawned a world that is a canvas for creativity. Each resident is free to sculpt whatever he or she wants using *Second Life*'s built in 3D modeling tools. More advanced users can script their own movements for avatars to perform. Every inch of *Second Life* is user-generated. Started in 2003 by digital game developer Linden Lab, *Second Life* began as nothing more than a small island with a few trees. Today it holds over one million subscribers who have contributed to a constantly expanding landscape. Recently the active regions of *Second Life* have been estimated to be around 795 square miles.

But what can you expect from a digital world where anything goes? Because users enjoy free reign to make their own content, *Second Life* has developed a seedy underbelly — full of sexual deviance and plenty of computer-generated semen. For users like Cody, it's a sign that *Second Life* is going to shit.

Cody first logged on to build his own structures. It was the perfect atmosphere to practice architecture as a hobby. Over 300 universities around the world have taken advantage of *Second Life*, and created virtual classrooms as a platform for teaching. Even Harvard Law has held mock-trials in *Second Life* courtrooms.

Cody has been told that he has an eye for detail, and it wasn't long before he realized that he could turn this into a profit. "I own a land rental business," Cody says. "But it's all part time." Cody was converting digital currency into hundreds of real dollars each month at the peak of his business. And all before he graduated high school. Now 20, Cody has moved most his attention from architecture to the social features of *Second Life*.

Next to Cody is Carson, a quiet 20-something sitting behind what must be the world's largest laptop. He flies around *Second Life* as a yellow My Little Pony avatar. Carson is part of a My Little Pony community that Cody facilitates, and prior to meeting in first life the two had only talked online for a total of half an hour. "Bronies," also known as male fanatics of the children's show My Little Pony, are just one example of the many specialized groups that *Second Life* caters to. These fan bases are the lifeblood of *Second Life* and keep it thriving to this day.

Cody doesn't mind stepping in and helping these groups out: "If people want help running a community I'll do it, even if I don't give a crap what it is. It's more that I get the feeling I'm helping people out." Because he isn't invested in certain groups, he is asked to mediate them. He objectively dissolves conflicts and keeps things running smoothly within the community. Cody does it to make friends online; he could care less whether he receives a paycheck, he says, because at the end of the day he is conscious that *Second Life* is separate from reality. Nothing is real except for the socialization, which Cody prizes as the most important aspect of *Second Life*.

There is an almost infinite number of communities on *Second Life* that can accommodate anyone's craving, and this is where the less-than-savory side of the virtual world begins to show. Because users can create whatever they want, fantasies are no longer hindered by social norms or the law. "People give a blind eye to certain things, and that's where we get into morality in a sense. There is prostitution, even a slave trade," Cody says. The strangest part of all this is that people willingly participate in these shady activities;

no avatar can be forced to do anything. Cody does not take part in this behavior, but enjoys harassing, or "griefing," those involved whenever possible. For Cody and many other *Second Life* residents, detachment from real life does not mean abandoning ethics. "I've known and seen a few people who turn to that, and I just tell them to fuck off because that's weird for me to see that."

While walking through *Second Life* it's not unusual to bump into Dora the Explorer having sex with an alien. Not everyone in *Second Life* is down with this, just as we can hope that not everyone in the real world is. *Second Life* just doesn't do anything to keep the pervs out. Like the Internet as a whole, freedom of creative expression comes first. Even if it means that children's cartoon characters get desecrated.

But in order to do the nasty in *Second Life*, one must first have the necessary equipment.

Standard avatars aren't born with reproductive organs so they must be purchased from what is known as a "dick baron." Cody has a hard time keeping a straight face when this topic is brought up. "These are people that actually make virtual penises, and make hundreds of thousands of dollars off of it. They make various animal ones too. It gets ridiculous." Dick barons, like real world vendors, have stores with billboards and mannequins advertising their junk. Many dick barons do not limit themselves to one gender, and sell impossibly proportioned parts for both men and women. While their products are made out of pixels, their paychecks are anything but artificial. "The barons I know don't really

"'Standard avatars aren't born with reproductive organs so they must be purchased from what is known as a 'dick baron.'"

care about it. They say 'I can make money off this, why not? If I have an excuse to sit at home and play video games all day and make dicks for a living, why not?'"

While *Second Life* to some means an opportunity for artistic invention or harmless recreation, it's hard to ignore the shady behavior that *Second Life* is notorious for. The focused attention on the perverted threatens to bring down all of *Second Life*'s reputation.

Warren Degenhardt, who knows Cody from high school, sees none of the positives that motivated Cody to create an avatar. "There are entire cities that probably took weeks to model that are completely abandoned, and where is everyone? Crowding around watching a donkey fuck." Warren says. "It's a stain on the Internet."

Even Cody is losing optimism for the future of *Second Life*. "The more years pass by, the more it seems *Second Life* degenerates." Cody knows that at first glance no one will remember *Second Life*'s creative potential, but the dark rampant sexual activity. "It seems that it has become the greatest and probably the worst thing for certain people. Some can make a pretty decent living off of it, and others have quit their jobs and digressed into fucked-up shit."

SECOND LIFE FUN FACTS:

Throughout *SL* there are many child adoption agencies. Adults role play as children looking for a loving home.

Ben Folds held a concert in *SL*, got drunk, shot lasers from his eyes, took his shirt off, and fought fans with light sabers.

In *SL*, American Apparel has virtual stores full of virtual hipsters shopping for virtual clothes.

Drew Carey thinks *SL* is dope and occasionally goes on for virtual dates with his wife.

Affairs on *SL* have inspired very many real world divorces.

One *SL* user created a concentration camp for furries. It was very graphic, and the user was banned.

Furries are very common.

WHERE THEY

WE DON'T KNOW IF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE EXISTS. BUT RESEARCH SHOWS — WE'RE CURIOUS.

words BEN STONE
art CHELSEY BOEHNKE

AT?

"Should be a short article," UO astronomy professor James Schombert wrote me recently. I had asked him if we could meet to talk about the search for extraterrestrial life. "The current scientific opinion on extraterrestrial life is that there is no evidence, so there is nothing to discuss."

Interesting.

There is no evidence. That simple fact is a huge buzzkill, but it hasn't dampened astronomers' curiosity. People do still discuss this stuff. For years astronomers have been expecting that proof of alien life forms is just around the corner. In 2007, the head astronomer at the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence Institute predicted that we will know if we are alone or surrounded by 2025. You can't blame scientists for being hopeful — there is a lot of universe to check. According to the *New York Times*, about "10,000 billion billion" solar systems may exist in the observable universe. And the search for extraterrestrial life isn't like the search for some unknown frog species that hasn't been noticed because it chills too hard. If we were to discover extraterrestrial life, *it would be the most important discovery ever made*. It would redefine what humans mean in the scheme of the universe. It would justify a level of stoke that science hasn't inspired since Bill Nye's theme song (Bill! Bill! Bill!).

The first time I heard someone talk seriously about the prospect of extraterrestrial life was a year ago in Astronomy 122. You can tell I was buggin' out by how rambling and sketch my notes were that day. In the margin of one of the pages, I wrote the phrase "Now it's useful to do something disturbing." That was how Professor Gregory Bothun introduced the work of an astronomer named Frank Drake, who blew minds in the '60s when he wrote up a short formula to find out what the hell is even going on out there in space. It went like this:

N = R* • FP • NE • FL • FI • FC • L

Drake designed this formula to predict how many alien societies there are in the Milky Way galaxy that throw down detectable signals, or "**N**." For a breakdown of what the other variables mean, peep **Figure 1.1** on the next page. For all you haters who don't want to read the sidebar, it basically means that we can't use the formula to get consistent results because we have no idea what the last four values are. Accordingly, scientists have used this formula to form wildly different theories about life

in the universe. Some have calculated hundreds of millions of alien civilizations to exist in the Milky Way, and some have calculated absolutely zero. Thanks to this equation, we now know that the Earth is either one little house party in a pretty lively neighborhood in the universe, or we are the party. Which would be, as Professor Bothun said, disturbing.

So the value of conclusions drawn by Drake's equation seems hella dubious. But while the second half of Drake's equation underscores how little base knowledge we have in alien matters, the first three variables represent what we do know about the process that produced a fly planet like ours in the middle of all these rocks. As far as humans are concerned, that process had two particularly fortunate developments during the messy creation of Earth a few billion years ago.

First, when the ruckus of our young solar system simmered down and all the newly formed planets started falling into their orbital tracks, the Earth dropped into orbit at the perfect distance away from the sun — the "habitable zone." And second, towards the end of this formation period, gravity slapped a huge field of ice onto the Earth's surface. Because of these two developments, Earth then had a huge body of water in liquid form for little organisms to get busy in. Astronomers now use these two qualifications as starting points in their searches for life on other planets.

At the forefront of the search for planets with climates similar to Earth's is a fresh little NASA spacecraft called the Kepler. It uses light sensors to detect tiny drops in the levels of light coming from stars and uses that data to identify planets with Earth-like orbital patterns. On December 5, NASA reported that the Kepler and its crew on Earth had finally scoped a planet that hangs around perfectly in the habitable zone of a distant star. At 600 light years away, though, it's hard to say what this star will actually tell us about life in the near future. And even if we get close enough to study this planet, the *New York Times* says we'll probably just find tribes of "alien pond slime," which is kind of disappointing and kind of dope at the same time.

On a more local tip, scientists in Antarctica are conducting research that may have heavy implications for our knowledge of extraterrestrial life. In February of this year, Russian scientists at the Vostok Research Station finished drilling through two miles of ice to reach Lake Vostok, a huge freshwater lake that has been cut off from air and light for between 15 and 34 million years, according to the *NYT*. When their drill hit the lake, the pressurized water shot up the borehole and froze, forming a plug that will seal the hole until the scientists return next season to test the water. If samples of the water turn up some sort of life forms, which have been living alone in super-medieval conditions for ages, scientists think that there might also be organisms doing laps in the cold water on Europa, one of Jupiter's moons. Unfortunately, that is a possibility predicated on something we don't even know to be true yet.

So scientists are in slow-motion pursuit of extraterrestrial life. But there is still no clear evidence of such life, and it seems unlikely that we will discover any in the near future. I asked Professor Schombert what he thought about this. "All science starts at this stage and grows," he replied. "My personal opinion is that these types of searches require technology that we do not have at this time." Rats.

FIGURE 1.1

Astronomers have been able to make rough estimates for the first three variables in the Drake equation based on things they see through telescopes.

"R" is the rate at which properly sized stars are born in our galaxy.

"FP" is the fraction of those stars that are surrounded by planets.

"NE" is the average number of planets orbiting a star that can support life.

But here things get sort of dodgy.

"FL" is the fraction of those chill planets on which life actually starts to develop.

"FI" is the fraction of those planets on which life forms become intelligent.

"FC" is the fraction of those camps of smart organisms that are able to broadcast detectable signals.

And "L" is the duration of time during which they continue those broadcasts.

"But if we are the only life forms out here, we represent something really beautiful — the ability for the universe to see itself."

One can only discuss these challenging hypotheticals for a while before looking up at the stars, saying, "What, are you kidding me?" and considering the simpler alternative. Say we are the only living things in the universe right now. What does that even mean? On its face, that's a profoundly depressing thought. It means we will never meet any radical-looking space cousins who can tell us what's going on here*. It also means that in the billions of years that this universe has existed before us, no alien camp has ever been successful enough at super-fast space travel to colonize other areas of the universe and outrun exploding stars.

But the slightly less depressing, arguably trippier aspect of this scenario is a piece of knowledge dropped by Professor Bothun last year that I will now paraphrase. Everything we feel and do in our lives may be inconsequential, and we may be at the mercy of all the hardcore objects and properties that the universe can throw down upon us. But if we are the only life forms out here, we represent something really beautiful — the ability for the universe to see itself. And it would literally be the wackest thing to ever occur in the universe if we didn't try to sustain our ability to check out and think about our surroundings for as long as we can.

Professor Schombert is right. There is really no substance to discussions about extraterrestrial life, only theories. Sometimes it's useful to have trippy discussions to put things in perspective, though. It might be vain to think that we are the only intelligence in an impossibly big universe full of the same things that allowed us to develop. But considering what we know, the only logical thing to do is to live like we are alone.

*Although in 2010, mighty astrophysicist Stephen Hawking warned that if aliens do come to earth, our interactions with them would probably mirror that of Christopher Columbus and Native Americans when he rolled over in the 1400s. And Columbus was a real son of a bitch.

When in Chile

*DO AS THE **MAPUCHE** DO — STAND TALL WITH THE **TREES**!*

words
JORDAN CHESNUT
CLAIRE SCHECHTMAN

art
IMOGEN BANKS

In the mountains of southern Chile, in an old growth forest of Araucaria trees, a storm knocks a branch against the side of a shingled refugio in El Cañi Sanctuary. It is supposed to be summer here, but everything outside is back bending under the weight of the sky. The wind pries and flattens the door of the refugio open, and the wooden octagonal ceiling splutters rainwater from thin slits in the boards. A metal chimney chute hangs tilting above an ashy fire pit in the center of the room. The chains holding the chimney creak and some dry charcoal is scattered across the stone floor. Damp and partially singed socks flap from a limp clothesline.

The storm has been raging all night, but until the final whiplash of that branch against the wall we hadn't stirred. "*Medicina*!" someone shouts from their sleeping bag a ladder's climb above us. We have been in Latin America for five months now, and a storm isn't just a storm down here, it's the *Pachamama* — the earth mother — and she is meteorologically salsa dancing.

> “AT MORE THAN TWO MILLION YEARS OLD, THE ARAUCARIA SPECIES OVER-QUALIFIES AS ANCIENT. THEY PREHISTORICALLY PROTRUDE LIKE STUBBLE FROM THE GRANITE JAW LINE OF THE MONOLITHIC ROCK PEAKS THAT CURVE ABOVE LAGUNA NEGRA.”

We found El Cañi through a peculiar travel suggestion*. Passing tips and recommendations has sculpted our trip, and our itinerary has formed itself, evolving day by day. We like what is unfiltered, the rural underbelly of a place, and have sought out the diverse peoples of Peru and Chile while abroad.

The Mapuche in Chile are traditional farmers, who don't just coexist with the land — they are the land. *Mapuche*, in the local language of Mapudungun, means "people of the earth." Right now, throughout Chile, the commodification of natural resources for fuel and export is transforming the landscape. Patagonian rivers and watersheds are getting pinned for dam projects by hydroelectric companies to supply energy to massive mining efforts in the north of the country. Native forests are being chopped and replanted with vast stretches of fast-growing eucalyptus and genetically modified pine trees for sale by large agrocorporations. These non-native species take over, sucking the ground water supply dry so no indigenous trees can exist. After their period of growth, the monocultures of trees are massively chopped and harvested for export. Any laws that exist for tree protection are often blatantly bypassed by loggers and traffickers, and this anti-ecological campaign is homogenizing the landscape and displacing local people.

Chile is double-fisting two conflicting ideologies for its future: conservation and development. Native forests and holistic land management cannot coexist with Western development. While conservation projects like El Cañi Sanctuary have begun to rise up, the strongest efforts still stem from the native inhabitants. Every budding cause needs an ally, and for the Mapuche of Chile, it's our friend Rick.

It is easy to get lost in Rick's mind. When we first met him, he was instructing the waitress that black beans and a fried egg don't qualify as a "Mexican" breakfast. His thoughts swirl, as if caught in a whirlpool, propelled by centripetal force. Ideas and topics are subsequently flung, like clothes from a line when *Pachamama* does the salsa. Evidence of this mental scattering is reflected in the infinite void of his bald patch, where half a conversation disappears like a single sock on laundry day.

Rick arrived in Chile hitchhiking, back in the decades when Craigslist rideshare wasn't internet-bound and thumbs spent their time in the streets instead of stuck to a spacebar. He wrote to Gary Snyder, the environmental Beat poet and theorist, for the same reason he was pulled under the equatorial midriff into the muskier parts of our Americas — Ancient Forests International, an organization aroused for the conservation of old growth forests. Gary Snyder, Rick told us, was the first to refer to our old growths as "ancient." Before that, many thought of old growths as "over-mature" and "decadent," as if their wise and necessary existence wasn't compatible with modernity.

Like any good plotline, Rick's story has its fair share of detours. During his first trek south, he got picked up by a treasure baron in Mexico, thrown into a Bolivian jail by the same communist-wranglers that roped Che, and ended hitching an oceanic ride on some old tanker to Chile after four months. This, of course, is all explained in the cosmos of his bald patch.

When Rick finally made it down to Chile, sea-torn yet still intact, he got a job working at a national park. He was and still is the only gringo park ranger in the country. Now a man with a title and badge, he caught word of a logging company that was set to tear down a couple hundred hectares next door to the protected space where he worked. As a member of a conservation group, it would have been wholly ironic for him to ignore the demise of a neighboring area. In a warm moment, Rick whipped out his metaphorical conch shell and summoned all of the local groups to the aforementioned site — perhaps promising snacks.

He couldn't have anticipated the immense turnout of concerned locals and traditional Mapuche farmers that arrived to protest the attempts of the industrial logging company. Families arrived on sleds pulled by oxen during the middle of a blizzard.

*"Peculiar travel suggestions are dance lessons from God." *The Books of Bokonon*.

A decade or so later, around the same year we were born, word spread that the Araucaria trees nearby were being sold to a sawmill. That is when a small group of Chileans and Northwesterners came together to form the Lahuen Foundation. With the help of AFI, they were able to raise and throw down more money than the sawmill and make the forest a protected space. El Cañi Sanctuary was born.

Rick explained all of this in between bites of buttered toast while abruptly leaving the table and pacing through the hostel dining space looking for "a part of something." Before leaving us for the last time, he stuck his head around the corner and mentioned that a storm was moving up the coast and that we should flag down a ride to the Sanctuary before the weather builds up. We followed his suggestion and made it to El Cañi the day before *la gran tormenta*.

At more than two million years old, the Araucaria species over-qualifies as ancient. They prehistorically protrude like stubble from the granite jaw line of the monolithic rock peaks that curve above Laguna Negra. As we walked through the Araucaria, on trails littered with yolk-colored lilies, we were subsequently silenced. Their branches were spiked and mandala-shaped, funneling water from the stiff-tipped leaves to the scaled trunk. The tangled scalp of mossy Old Man's Beard gripped the bark and swayed like a loose gaze, growing alongside pubic tufts of lichen. Higher up, fog lingered in the canopy and straddled mountainheads.

No other hikers were exploring the Sanctuary that day, but the two of us wouldn't have been surprised to see a centaur, a scantily clad family of hunters and gatherers, or some kind of glowing, flaccid-cheeked gnome out of a David Lynch movie. As we walked alone through the lagoons, we were caught in the dreamy quietude.

We eventually found the sanctuary's refugio, a dilapidated barn with dusty wine and beer bottles lining the sides from past occupants. Several other backpackers were inside when we entered — an adrenaline-obsessed couple from Australia, a barefoot Canadian, and three 20-year-old Chileans.

Everyone began to rummage for some fire-side offerings — avocado, bread, chocolate, a Jew's harp, the remainder of a cigar, and Paulo Santo incense wood and eucalyptus to smudge the room. When the fire was fully ablaze, conversation melted, and it turned out that the three Chileans, Johanna, Dario, and Elizabeth, were all Mapuche.

They asked us about the native people in our respective homelands. We all acknowledged that our governments have repressed the original inhabitants of the land. We passed around a cup of mate, and they told us that the Mapuche's resistance to colonization was the longest indigenous defense movement in the entire continent. They lost almost all of their land in the process, but they are still protesting for it to be returned.

The Araucaria tree, because of its devoutly straight and indestructible spine, represents the Mapuche tree of life — their symbolic interpretation of the universe. However, it is easy to understand why the logging industry would fall for something so adamantly vertical. For the industrial engine, it doesn't matter that the forest provides food and water to the people who have built their lives there for generations. These corporations are more concerned with how much they can fit into their pockets, even if it means monetizing Chile's ecosystem and native culture.

There is life and death, but in between that there are things that are simply old. Not the kind of old that watches infomercials and finds bare ankles sexy, but a kind of old that is wise outside of time — like ancient forests, indigenous and diverse peoples, tribes, shamans, connections with natural systems, watersheds, and everything that can be encompassed inside one man's bald patch.

RICK ARRIVED IN CHILE HITCHHIKING, BACK IN THE DECADES WHEN CRAIGSLIST RIDESHARE WASN'T INTERNET-BOUND AND THUMBS SPENT THEIR TIME IN THE STREETS INSTEAD OF STUCK TO A SPACEBAR.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Claire and Jordan have created their own study abroad program by WWOOFing, working on organic farms throughout Peru and Chile for six months. World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms is an Internet-based work-trade network of farms and projects in just about every country. The girls are backpacking to expand their knowledge on everything from soil to spirituality, broadening their gastronomic and psychedelic worldviews. Since October, they have been following the harvest season, working their way southward from the highlands of the Peruvian Amazon to Northern Patagonia, from mangoes to blackberries. The two of them lived in a temple for Mayan cosmology, built adobe houses, were ceremonially rebirthed, swam naked in the Rio Cumbaza, succumbed to food poisoning, picked cacao, rooftopped Valparaiso, found fluidity in Peruvian public transportation, stood at the ancient ruins of the Cloud People, followed weavers, lived in five different versions of "dog town," read poetry with Lima beatniks, lost clothes, fell down, found sensual replacement in the hammock-and-box-wine combo, stole bread, were kicked out, shell searched, soul searched, memorized Fleetwood Mac's greatest hits, were run over by a sunset in the island of Chiloe, became eight-years-old, chanted, over-contemplated words, under-contemplated plans, lost their Oregonian rain tolerance, and slept together every night.

THE OV'S LYRICAL ANALYST BRETT SISUN TEXTUALLY POURS SOME OUT FOR THE ROSE THAT GREW FROM CONCRETE, HIP-HOP LEGEND TUPAC SHAKUR. PAC'S SPIRIT LIVES ON THROUGH HIS THUG-LIFE ANTHEM:

"LIFE GOES ON"

words **BRETT SISUN**
art **CHELSEY BOEHNKE**

Here at the crossroads between life and death lies Tupac Shakur. Rightfully so. Shakur was a mystic creator and divine wellspring in the development of the lyric arts. His legend has become more significant in the American music scape than he could have imagined while growing up in the violent whirlwinds of Harlem, Baltimore and the Bay Area during the mid-1980's. Against forces obsessed with greed, power, and death, Shakur found a new form of expression in reflecting the realities of "thug life" in modern America.

In the past my section has been dedicated to analyzing the diction of famous rappers; to point out their imaginative or sloppy use of the English Language, and, basically, get a laugh out of their work. But I wouldn't feel right doing that now. Yes, I'm tired of the gimmick and the ironic tone. I think there is something more important at stake here in "Life Goes On":

"How many Niggas fell victim to the streets? Rest in peace young Nigga there's a heaven for a G."

Tupac Amaru Shakur was born in East Harlem, the son of two radical Black Panther activists. His name, Tupac Amaru, comes from the name of a Peruvian general who led a failed revolution against the Spanish conquistadors in 1780. His mother Afeni says that he was named for "the last Inca chief to be tortured, brutalized, and murdered by Spanish conquistadores...a *warrior*."

From an early age Shakur was a reflective and creative mind. He attended the Baltimore School of the Arts for 2 years, was an avid reader, poetry writer and even starred in a high school production of *The Nutcracker*. When he left his single mother at age seventeen for the West coast, a new world surrounded him, one obsessed with violence, death, and race. Shakur's experiences there had a profound impact on his art and would eventually become the "thug lifestyle" portrayed in "Life Goes On":

"Be a lie, if I told ya that I never thought of death, my Niggas, we tha last ones left."

The chorus of "Life Goes On" is a simple and sentimental reflection of Tupac's solitude. In his community people had little access to wealth, education, and social empowerment, and thus were likely to run into trouble with the law. He is keenly aware of this oppression in his music. He refers to his people as "Niggas," an endearing derivative of the N-word once used by plantation owners in early American history. In reforming and using this word, Shakur counters and explains its meaning. According to "Man Man," one of Tupac's closest friends: "I *never* could have had that word tattooed on me before, but Pac said, 'We're going to take that word that they used and turn it around on them...to make it positive.'" A polarizing word by design, this is a clear example of Shakur's character. He turns hardship and bigotry into something more meaningful that anyone, even outside his own community, can understand. This lyrical confrontation with social issues became a defining aspect of the "thug lifestyle":

"2 in tha morning and we still high-assed out, screamin' 'thug till I die' before I passed out, but now that you're gone, I'm in the zone thinking 'I don't want die all alone.'"

Shakur's first albums, *2pacolypse Now* (1991) through *Me Against the World* (1995), spoke to an enormous number of people, some of whom lived the "thug life" and others who indulged in its edgy style. This popularity caught the attention of Death Row Records' executive Marion "Suge" Knight. Notorious for his brute mentality and violent intimidation tactics, Knight wanted Shakur on his label in order to package and sell the "thug life" in musical units. After a stint in jail for assault charges, Shakur was bailed out by Knight in exchange for a recording deal. Knight picked up Shakur in a stretch limousine and flew him in a private jet to Knight's L.A. studio. The inner city gangster shook hands with the multi-billion dollar record industry. Rap music, and Shakur's life, would never be the same.

"Give me a paper and a pen, so I can write about my life of sin, a couple bottles of gin, in case I don't get in."

"Life Goes On" appears on Shakur's first album with Death Row Records, *All Eyez on Me (1996)* which went 9x Platinum and sold over 5 million units by 1998. Written and recorded in less than 2 weeks, it is widely regarded as one of the greatest rap albums of the 1990's. The songs on the album reach into the hidden emotional aspects of the "gangster", and reveal the unmistakable change that death incurs on those who live on with its memory. Shakur ironically describes his own death in the song and how it should be celebrated:

"Bury me smilin', with G's in my pocket, have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it, let tha hoes that I used to know, from way before, kiss me from my head to my toe."

On the night of September 7th, 1996, Shakur helped assault Orlando "Baby Lane" Anderson, a member of L.A.'s Southside Compton Crips, in the lobby of the MGM Grand after a Mike Tyson-Bruce Seldon fight. After leaving the MGM, parked at a red light, Shakur was shot four times in a drive by while in the passenger seat of Knight's BMW. Knight survived the attack, but Shakur died from internal bleeding in the hospital September 13, 1996. His wish for a rocking party funeral would not be granted. He was mysteriously cremated days after his death, and little investigation followed into his murder.

"Pour out some liquor, have a toast for tha homies, see we both gotta die but you chose to go before me."

Following Tupac Shakur's death, as Knight battled the abandonment of his artists, parole violations, and jail time, The Death Row Records Empire crumbled. Shakur's spirit, however, lived on through his enormous and dedicated fan base, who celebrated his death as martyrdom. Myths arose about him still being alive and, in almost biblical fashion, predicted his resurrection back into the world. Regardless of these rumors, he died living the life he always preached would kill him and, in doing so, validated his life's work. In his own words, his message is clearest:

"If you can't find somethin' to live for, you best find somethin' to die for…"

"That's right baby, life goes on..."

WHITE BALLOON

Haunting lore from Lorax Manor.

words **BRETT SISUN**
art **SHININGGRASS**

My name is Mock Conroy, and I am journalist. I am also a ghost hunter.

Have you ever thought about living in the housing cooperative near 16th and Alder? Lorax Manor may seem like a lovely place with kind housemates, humble responsibilities, and tasty vegan cuisine. But beneath the writing on the walls lurks something else, something "Janet" might never forget.

Janet requested that her name be changed for the purpose of this story. She lives on the second floor of Lorax Manor. She recently called me up in my office and requested my assistance immediately.

I rushed over on my red tricycle and found her sitting alone in her room, facing the window. I placed my hand on her shoulder and asked, "What's happened, Janet?"

"I didn't know anything about it until I saw it," she stuttered. "Thomas said that it was the ghost that lives in the attic. She was a sorority girl and she killed herself here!"

"Calm down Janet! What did you see?"

"White Balloon," she replied, as her face turned pale. I pulled out my notepad and began writing.

"I was talking to Laura in my room, when I glimpsed something through the slit in the doorway. I cracked it open and saw a white balloon floating up the stairwell, just about a foot above the ground," she said, trying to keep her voice down. "Laura and I stopped talking. We stared at it. That's when it turned the corner, and started floating up the second flight of stairs. We froze, watching it. When it again turned the corner and began floating up the final flight of stairs, we looked at each other. We knew we had to follow," she said, holding back her tears.

"Oh it was terrible! It wanted us to follow. We crawled up the stairs on our hands and knees, like scared animals, and we turned the corner. There it was in front of the attic door, just floating, and then, it dropped to the floor!" Janet grabbed me by my black pea coat and sobbed shyly into the stitched wool.

"We think she lives in the attic, but she might be everywhere at the same time! Or maybe it's just in my head! Can you help us, Mock?"

"Well," I cleared my voice, putting the notepad back into my breast pocket, "being that I am a journalist and a ghost hunter, I'll see what I can do. We need to go into the attic and confront this ghost, but we will need some protection, too."

"Here!" Janet said as she rummaged through her closet and pulled out two bike helmets. "These have magic protection!"

"Good thinking," I said as I strapped one on. "Lets go!"

We darted up the stairs and found our way to the metal attic door. We cracked it open. There were no signs of the supernatural, so we continued in until we were both standing in the middle of the dark attic.

"Hello! Hello?" I turned to Janet. "What's her name?" I whispered.

"I think its Mildred."

"Ah, Mildred, hello? We come in peace! Please leave the folks of the Lorax alone!?"

Suddenly, a noise came from the corner of the room. A can of paint fell from a shelf. We heard steps coming towards us and grabbed each other.

"Oh Jesus," I said. Janet screamed. A ball of fur appeared. It had dreadlocks. It was, it was… Fox. Fox, the guy who lives in the attic, of course.

"What's the commotion, guys?" he asked.

"Is there a ghost that lives up here?" I inquired.

"No ghost. Just me." We thanked Fox for his help and left the attic, relieved with our discovery.

So, as of now, the Lorax is a safe place to live. As far as I can tell, there are no ghosts in the attic of the manor. Just hippies, case closed.

But according to Dennehy, hunters have actually been the driving force behind wildlife conservation in North America for the past century. Fish and wildlife agencies are funded by hunting fees, not tax dollars, she says. So hunters end up paying to create and maintain the protected areas that everyone enjoys — hunters, non-hunters, and wild animals alike.

"For those of us who are avid hunters, we actually put 'green' where our mouths are," says Hank Shaw, hunter, forager, fisherman, and author of *Hunt, Gather, Fish: Finding the Forgotten Feast*. On top of the mandatory fees and taxes on licenses and ammunition, many hunters donate voluntarily to organizations that conserve habitats for specific species (Ducks Unlimited, Pheasants Forever, etc.). Shaw estimates that he spends between two and three grand a year on habitat conservation, which few non-hunters can boast. "Quite often the Venn diagram between environmentalists and hunters really overlaps quite a bit."

Hank Shaw didn't grow up hunting, but his family was big into fishing (as most New Englanders are). He fostered an intimate relationship with the Eastern Seaboard well into his adulthood. When he moved to landlocked Minnesota as a news reporter in 2002, he found himself suddenly cut off from the piers and tide pools that provided him with both food and a connection to nature. He decided to give hunting a go upon a friend's suggestion. He hasn't purchased meat from a store since 2005.

Shaw calls himself "the omnivore who has solved his dilemma." According to him, not only should our food be unprocessed, organic, and local, but a good deal of it should also be wild. If you're picking your salad greens from the forest floor, though you run the risk of ingesting trace amounts of deer piss, your worries about pesticides are over. And if the only jerky you snack on is of the wild goose variety, growth hormones, antibiotics, and other questionable chemicals are no longer an issue. In his book, on his blog, and at his frequent talks and dinners, Shaw preaches that supplementing your farmed goods with wild edibles is a healthy lifestyle.

And not just physically. In Shaw's experience, hunting is as fulfilling spiritually as it is nutritionally. For urban people who spend their days staring at screens, hunkering down in cubicles, and traversing a rebar world, hunting in wilderness offers a connection to nature that can't be achieved by just going for a hike. "When I'm hunting, I become a set of ears and a pair of eyes, and my awareness ratchets up to such a high level that I can sense the slightest changes of the environment." he says. "Without that connection to nature, something dies within us." Hunters don't just observe nature. They partake in it.

Hunting is attractive to health freaks, animal empathizers, and sustainability buffs alike because it's everything the corporate meat industry isn't. For starters, hunting is about as small-scale as it gets — it's downright DIY. It's one hunter personally killing one healthy, happy, unsuspecting animal, often getting enough meat for a year's worth of din-din. Contrasted with the wasteful factory farm model — which demands shitloads of feed, fuel, water, and land to produce mediocre meat from depressed, diseased animals — the sport of hunting doesn't look so bad.

But killing, bleeding, skinning, gutting, and butchering something that has feelings, a face, a family — it's gnarly.

What's more, hunting is honest. Hunters make no attempt to hide the fact that meat comes from sentient beings who want to stay alive. For most Americans, whose ribs and loins come in meal-size cuts and in shrink-wrapped Styrofoam trays, eating meat is a clean, convenient, and thoughtless affair. But killing, bleeding, skinning, gutting, and butchering something that has feelings, a face, a family — it's gnarly.

"I try not to see death as something sad, but it does bring up emotions. Gratitude is really the only thing that can be going through your mind," says Matt Bradley. Seated on his living room futon couch, he sports a buzz cut, Carhart jeans, and leather-stitched shoes that fall somewhere between hiking boots and moccasins.

Matt Bradley the Hunter started out as Matt Bradley the Backpacker. Interested in keeping his ass alive in backcountry emergencies, he began reading up on wilderness survival skills. But when he stumbled upon a book about the methods and wisdom of the Apache Indians, his interest shifted to "the art of permanent living" — hunting, gathering, and self-sufficiency. While he has yet to slay an animal in the wild, he has had the opportunity to slaughter and butcher a number of livestock animals.

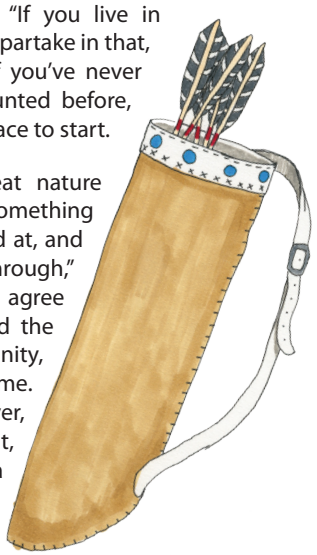
Matt hunts with a bow, not a rifle. And not a high-tech compound bow with pulleys and wheels and sights and shit, either. He uses a traditional bow — you know, a curved stick with a rope tied to it. The fact that he's a badass isn't the only reason. "I hunt to have a closer relationship with the animals that I'm eating. And I also want to have a close relationship with the tool I use to take that life," he says, pointing to the longbow that he hand carved from a piece of ash.

"This arrow has spirit in it," he says as he hands me an obsidian-tipped shaft that he fashioned out of Pacific ninebark, hazelnut, turkey feathers, and twine. "The life and energy from the turkey and the stone and the plant went into this." For Matt, knowing where your resources come from is what's up.

"Meat doesn't come from a grocery store," he says. "It comes from an animal." And that animal, whether raised on a farm or in the wild, affects its landscape and derives its life from surrounding plants and animals. "And all that life, all that energy, all that nutrition, all those resources are going to become a part of me. That's a lot to ask the earth to provide for me. But I'm a part of the earth too." This worldview, which smacks of Mufasa's circle-of-life, prey-becomes-predator philosophy, is a touchstone of the new-school hunters.

When Hank Shaw stopped at the UO in November on his book tour, he took a group of Honors College kids out to the coast for a crash course in foraging. In his talk the next day, he said that Eugene is blessed with a bounty of wild foods — from salmonberries to chanterelles, from black-tailed deer to ducks and geese. "If you live in Eugene and you don't partake in that, you're missing out." If you've never fished, foraged, or hunted before, right here is a good place to start.

"A lot of people treat nature like a museum — something to be set aside, looked at, and occasionally walked through," Shaw says. "I don't agree with that. For me and the outdoors community, nature is our home. Whether we pave it over, whether we ignore it, whether we put it in a box, nature is where we live." Ⓥ



WILDIN' OUT

words **NOAH DEWITT**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

A NEW SCHOOL OF HUNTERS SEEKS A STRONGER CONNECTION TO NATURE AND NUTRITION.

"This is going to be real — maybe more real than you're used to experiencing," says summer camp instructor Matt Bradley to his five teenage campers around a fire circle. It's a sunny August morning at a camping lodge in the coastal range mountains of Oregon, and the oceanic dew is slowly dissipating. "You don't have to do this. Don't feel pressured by me or your peers. If you want to have this experience and connect with the source of your food, make the choice for yourself."

An animal scream sounds faintly from some nearby woods. Matt pauses. It's the sound of his two fellow instructors "giving death" to some rabbits. Holding the animals firmly against a log on the ground, the instructors whack them with a wooden baton at the base of the neck. They try to make it as quick and painless as possible, but one of the rabbits survives long enough for some last words. The instructors slit the rabbits' throats, and blood puddles on the forest floor.

Matt leads the campers into the woods where the freshly slaughtered long-ears dangle from a log suspended five feet off the ground. He and the other instructors guide the exuberant 13- to 16-year-olds, step by gory step, through the butchering process. "So that's why it's called a kidney bean," says one kid as he removes guts from the abdominal cavity.

This is the Whole Earth Nature School. Co-founded by Matt, his partner Anna, and their friend Rees Maxwell in 2009, Whole Earth offers after school programs, summer camps, and apprenticeships that teach Eugene youngsters how to get by in the wild. Matt and his colleagues have spent this particular week-long summer session teaching campers hunting skills — from animal tracking to bow making, from full-body camouflage to target archery. Although Matt himself is new to hunting (he has only been on two expeditions and has yet to bag any game), he believes it's something that more people should learn. "It's a lifestyle that puts you more closely in touch with your livelihood," he says.

Hunting has been on the decline in North America since the '80s largely due to falling rural population, but lately there's been a growing interest in hunting among urbanites. People who have never killed an animal before are taking up the rifle — or in Matt's case, the bow — to get in touch with the meat they eat and to live more harmoniously with the earth. Who knows? Maybe in the future educating middle schoolers on butchering rabbits will be the norm.

The past few years have seen a slew of headlines about novice hunters with locavore leanings (e.g., "Urban Deerslayers" in *The New York Times*). Clubs like the Bull Moose Hunting Society, founded in San Francisco for urban foodies who want to learn to kill and butcher their own meat, are springing up in many American cities.

"It's not an interest that we can put a number on in Oregon, but certainly it's a mindset that we've heard people talk about," says Michelle Dennehy, spokesperson for the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. "We are hearing of more interest in hunting because people want an ethical source of meat. And it doesn't get more free-range than a wild animal."

Words like "sustainable" and "ethical" aren't usually associated with hunting. We all know the stereotypes. We picture fat, white, Republican-voting fuckheads who get off on killing things. We picture camo everything, trophy buck heads, 24-racks of Busch, and Ford F-150s. We picture the anti-environmentalist.

tour with the band, young people continue to find a cultural identity alongside the graying hippies who founded the movement.

The Grateful Dead have deep roots in Eugene. Ken Kesey, one of the UO's most famed alums, hosted the Bay Area parties where the Grateful Dead got its start in 1965. Known as the Acid Tests, Kesey's parties played with concepts of energy and experience. The Grateful Dead provided the music, and a new drug called LSD made it fucking insane. The shows included long, free-form jams that followed no specific structure for large portions of the songs. The soft voices harmonized like a choir of vagabond angels to guide those in attendance through their journey. Much of their sets were improvised, which allowed crowd members to interact on an intimate level. As the crowd's energy shifted one way, the band adjusted songs to accommodate. The band and their loyal deadhead followers felt they had come across something beautiful and thought it should be shared, so they took the shows on the road. Dedicated deadheads toured the country with the band and a cultural identity was formed.

"It's all about the audience and musician exchanging energy," says UO student Schlomo Tepe. "And that's still what Furthur creates."

Though the movement underwent an inevitable setback with Jerry's death in 1995, it didn't die. The band continues to tour under the name Furthur. Other bands like Phil and Friends and RatDog gather some or all of the remaining Dead members for cross-country tours. One of the million or so Grateful Dead cover bands, Dark Star Orchestra, will be at the McDonald Theatre on April 1. There are also bands like Phish, jam bands with followings of their own, who provoke moments of inspiration similar to those felt by deadheads. While the set lists change and the specific sounds may differ, these cover bands keep aspects of the original deadhead experience a current event.

Back at Grateful Tuesday, a 22-year-old travelling deadhead from the Bay Area, Sam, hunkers down in a booth to recall his fourteen previous Furthur experiences. Sam says the energy at shows spreads through the crowd like a ripple, and each person can contribute as much to the ripple effect as they wish. "I remember one time I was dancing so hard that my prana, my energy, was implanted directly in the music. It's so powerful. It's a kind of church in a way."

The hugs and passionate small talk shared by near strangers at a Grateful Dead show bring to mind mornings waiting for parents after Sunday school. Deadheads just replace a cup of coffee with a hit of LSD. With the dedication of pilgrims in the Holy Land, deadheads tour with the band in order to be close to the inspiration they found at Grateful Dead concerts. "The shows were magical. The energy and the power of the music were vast," says Downtown Deb, radio host of KLCC's Grateful Dead program, *Dead Air*. "Being [a deadhead] today continues to connect us to this incredible community of family, friends and music." And like any church, there are always new members joining.

But with Jerry gone and remaining members losing their ability to keep up with the strains of touring, how long can the deadhead lifestyle survive? Tepe thinks there is a definite expiration date. "You'll never be able to take away what the Grateful Dead did for American culture," he explains, "But it shouldn't be made into something it wasn't." Tepe believes that the Grateful Dead have not made enough of an impact to keep the passion alive after the band is gone. To Tepe,

deadhead culture has been unable to find a way to remain as relevant in the absence of those who pioneered the movement. As band members die, he says the Grateful Dead will play less and less of a role until people forget.

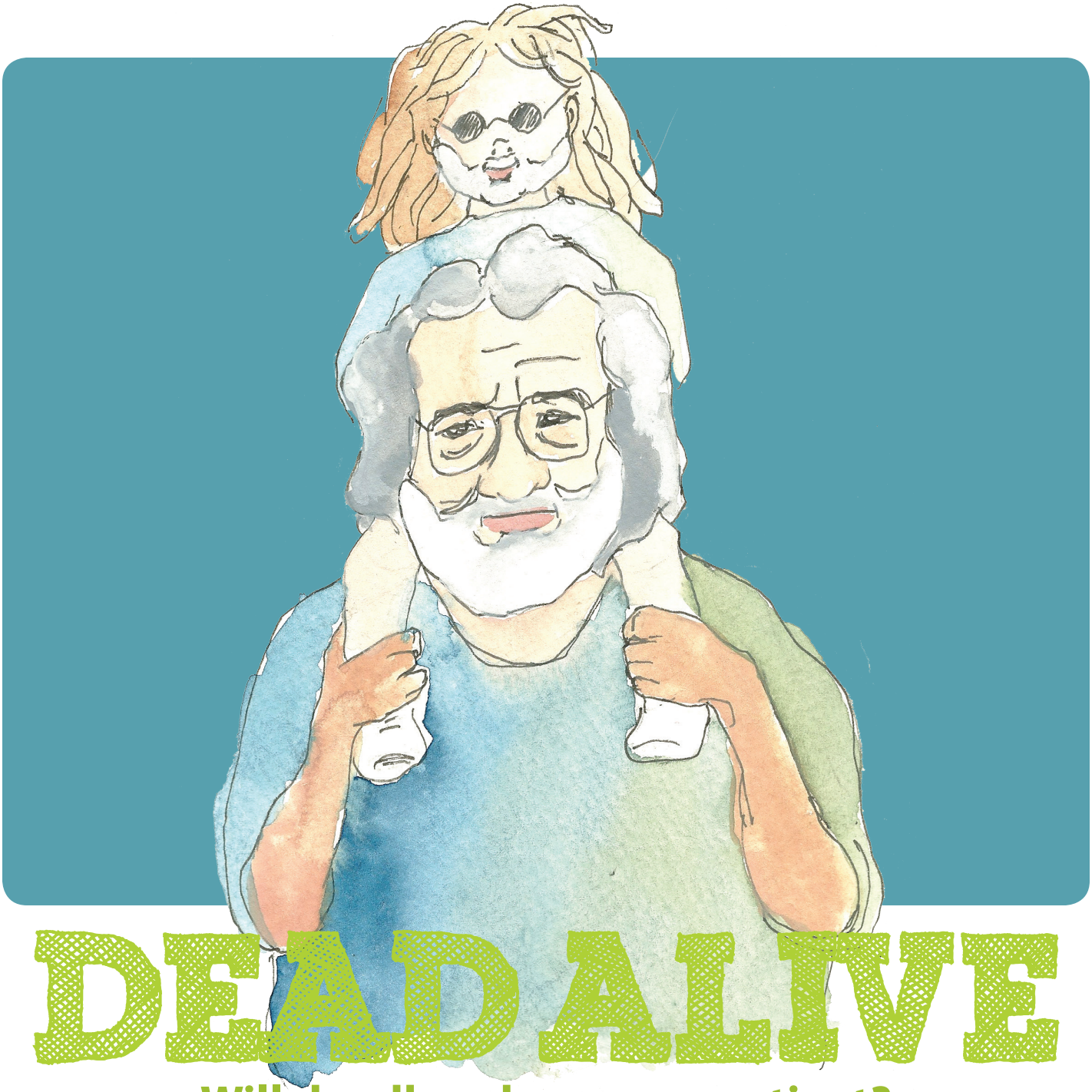
Not everyone agrees. "The Grateful Dead is timeless and every generation will make it their own," says Deb. "Of course new deadheads have their own cultural issues to express, to embrace and protest, but all in the same spirit of peace and love." To Deb, Grateful Dead music is based in American roots, but it also transcends them. New generations build upon the progression.

"The deadhead experience goes back much further than the band itself," says Tigger, who organizes Grateful Tuesdays at Granary Pizza. He doubts such an ancient tradition will ever fade. "I think of deadheads like a tribe of gypsies," he says. "It's this heritage going back a thousand years." The movement changes and morphs with the times, but the energy and the music will never die out.

Whether deadheads are bound to die off or not, the fact is that today they are alive and well. Deadheads like Tepe and Tigger don't waver in their level of dedication. Any time an opportunity for seeing a show presents itself, deadheads flood the scene. Tepe paid $90 for a ticket to see Furthur ring in the New Year in San Francisco. "I love the Grateful Dead, and I don't think I can say that about any other band." To him, experiencing the show comes before all else. "I'm going to spend my last penny to see them until they're gone," he said.

Other than gathering for events like Grateful Tuesdays at Granary Pizza, or Oregon's Country Fair, the psychedelic blowout that takes place just outside of Eugene every summer, Tigger says the key to carrying on the deadhead tradition is playing the music. "The next generation will play the same songs, but with their own twist," says Tigger. "People don't realize that the Grateful Dead was a cover band in ways. Thirty percent of their songs were covers, old blues stuff, Jimmy Cliff."

So with years passing by and band members passing away, we watch as the Grateful Dead establish their role in American history. Students open history textbooks to find the Grateful Dead mentioned in chapter footnotes. The wise old men remember back to the days they spent with psychedelic heroes like Jerry, Kesey, and other counter culture icons. But as the little girl ringing bells shows, young people aren't just learning about deadheads, they are joining them.



DEAD ALIVE

Will deadheads ever go extinct?

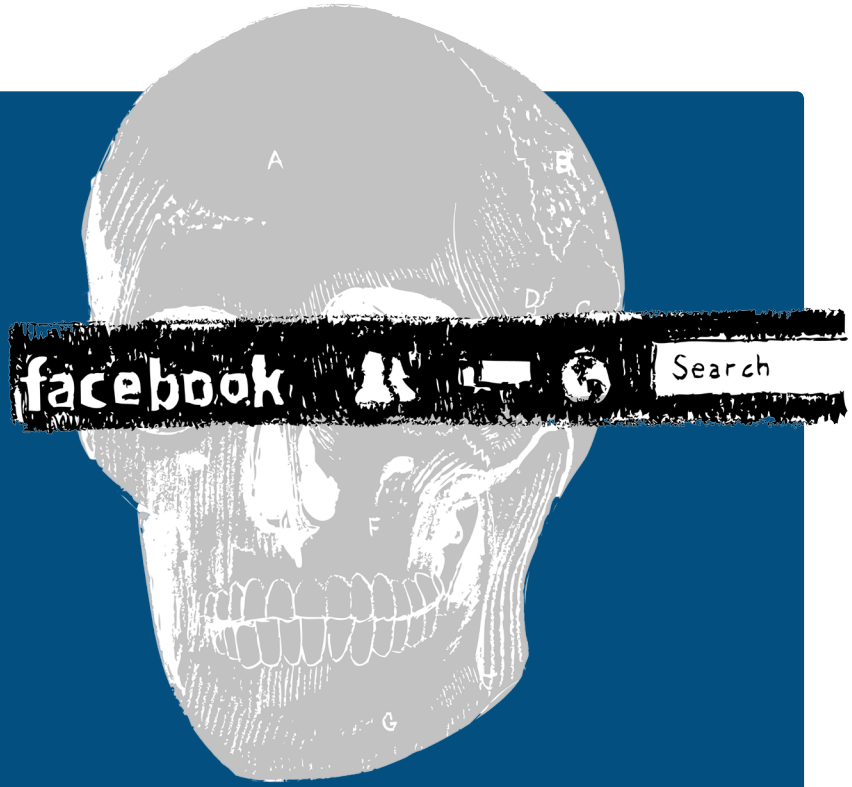
words **SCHUYLER DURHAM**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

In the bustling Granary Pizza pub, a little girl eyes a screen covering one side of the room. Dim lighting and low ceilings cast an intimate shadow on the faces of waitresses as they pour drinks and take orders. The barstools welcome soggy jeans seeking sanctuary from the rain. A man known as "Tigger" shuffles to and fro between the bar and the projection screen. He gathers tables and chairs into strategic clumps with unhindered views of the screen. As people file in for Grateful Tuesday, hugging each other and shouting names across the room, the screen switches on and the music of a Grateful Dead concert fills the room. The little girl's jaw drops as her eyes lock on to frontman Jerry Garcia's face. A few minutes into the show she begins to sway subtly. Another 10 minutes go by and, mimicking the pinwheel arm movements of the crowd members in the video, she dances in wide circles around the room. She backs into a leather strap strung with a handful of small bells that dangles from the ceiling and, finding the rhythm of the tune, strikes them. The tones ring and onlookers smile.

It's been 50 years since the Grateful Dead started performing, but this little girl suggests the immortality of deadhead culture. Whether they're children attending deadhead functions with their parents or 20-somethings dropping out of college to

POSTING YOUR RESPECTS

SHOULD OUR FACEBOOK PROFILES DIE WITH US?



words **JOSH LARSEN**
art **ALLISON FONDER**

I recently found out that a middle school friend of mine passed away. He fell asleep at the wheel while driving from Eugene to Corvallis and died at the scene of the crash along Highway 99. A mutual friend told me that same day, but I would have heard about it quickly regardless. Almost immediately, his wall on Facebook was flooded with posts from friends, saying they couldn't believe he was gone, asking why such a thing had happened, and telling him they would miss him. Although sad to hear the news, I couldn't help but be curious about his profile's fate now that he was gone. In the Information Age, we are left to wonder not only what happens to us when we die, but what happens to our Facebook accounts as well.

The short answer is that profiles become "memorialized." It's still there, but locked in a certain way. A page becomes memorialized when one of the deceased's friends or family members tells the Facebook administration of their passing by filling out and submitting an online form. Friends can still write on a dead member's profile wall, but other than that, the page is frozen — no new friends, no tagged pictures, and it can only be found through a specific search. But don't go getting any funny ideas about exacting revenge or playing a prank on someone — requesting that a living person's page be memorialized is perjury.

But is it fair that dead members' profiles are still online, possibly without their consent? Would they have wanted their pages to stay up after dying? People can write whatever they want or post embarrassing photos over which the deceased have no say. Some argue that people will say whatever they want about the deceased anyway and that Facebook is just a means of doing that.

I have a few other friends who have passed away, and although I usually consider Facebook a shallow reflection of human interaction, looking at their profiles has forced me to reconsider. Old pictures are posted on the walls of the departed, or links to things they would have enjoyed, sometimes even quotes from the individual — all which range from humorous to melancholy. Most striking, though, are the messages they leave speaking directly to the person, as if it were possible to receive notifications in the afterlife. To their close friends and family members, Facebook seems to be a ready outlet for their sadness and nostalgia, a place for grieving only a few clicks away.

> "Most striking, though, are the messages they leave speaking directly to the person, as if it were possible to receive notifications in the afterlife."

This online mourning seems indicative of the larger attitude and experience that is becoming more and more accepted in our society. We're paying attention to the digital world in place of material things and actual bodies, preferring the quick, easy, and intangible realm of electronics to the often grueling and rewarding reality of each other. Facebook simplifies a way to pay respects to the dead, the same way it simplifies interaction with friends and family. Why would someone make a long trip to a meaningful place or actually climb up into the attic and dig out old photos when an online version of them are readily and constantly available?

Most people in this age have some sort of presence online, whether through Facebook, Twitter, or various blogging websites, all of which have their own policies regarding the death of users. But what will our personal policies be? The integration of our lives into online social media seems to be occurring naturally, becoming the norm for newer generations — less of a conscious choice and more an obligatory step of being involved in society. But while the accumulation of an online personality happens slowly over time, what becomes of that personality when the life behind it is cut short? We used to live on through people's memories, but now we also live on through the internet as electronic ghosts, online phantoms coded in zeroes and ones, more likely to get online hits than gravesite visits.

Masonic Cemetery

Masonic Cemetery

words **BEN MCPHERSON FICKLIN**

Tombstones speckle a densely wooded hill that rises near 25th and Potter. Tall trees, dense bushes, and over grown grass mask the magical Masonic Cemetery. But look under the mask of foliage, for this home of the dead teems with life. Chirps, whistles, and caws fall down from the diverse collections of birds that roost in the tall trees. Spring Time is baby-making time for the native Gray Squirrels, who prance among a meadow of native flowers. The graves are as individual as whomever it is they mark. A twenty foot tall obelisk marks the supposed first nurse in Oregon. A long stone crypt, sprinkled with flowers, houses John Whitaker, the first governor of Oregon. The cemetery is also home to The Hope Abbey, a Nationally recognized historical mausoleum designed by Ellis Lawrence, the name sake of Lawrence Hall. Whether you are there to respect the dead, smoke a spliff, or to imbibe some sober beauty, the Masonic Cemetery will move you to a mystical state of mind.

Pre's Rock

words **THE WOLF**

After Steve Prefontaine's death on the night of May 30, the rock upon which he died stood out as a symbol of man's futile struggle against the unburdened forces of nature and the tragic inevitable sensation of death. Pre's Rock sits like a granite wall along the street near Hendricks Park; it is only the tip of a much larger slab of earth, and it overlooks the southern banks of the Willamette River. The visitors who make the pilgrimage to Pre's Rock leave numerous tokens to pay their respects to the fallen track star's memory, and tradition dictates that young runners leave their medals as gifts to the soul of Pre. Various track and field medals adorn the gnarled rock and a plaque bears an epitaph that reads: "For your dedication and loyalty to your principles and beliefs...you are missed by so many and you will never be forgotten." It was at this rock that we, a contingent of Oregon Voice compatriots, paid our respects to the spirit of free will that is, and will always be, Steve Prefontaine. Rest in peace, and may you never stop running.

Laurel Grove Cemetery

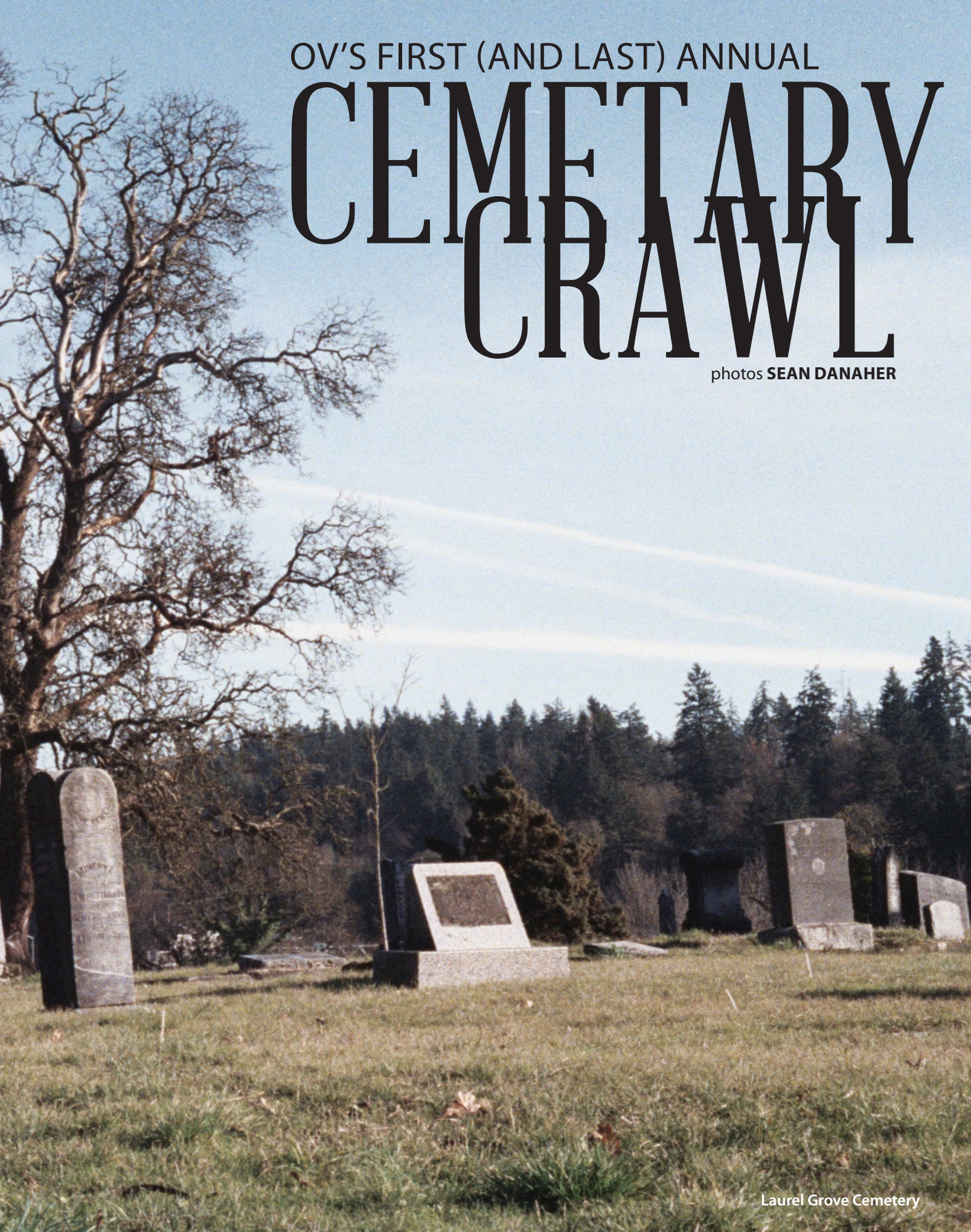
words **JACK WASHER**

"Get 'em while they're plot!" I really wish it actually said that, but this cemetery is in fact selling, and from what I could gather, they're going fast. Laurel Grove, located on one of the three streets in Glenwood, was stippled with some impressively huge Madrone trees and one heck of a view of the scenic I-5. Mulling about checking up on the pioneer to regular person ratio, I noticed that this cemetery was the resting place of co-founder of Eugene herself, Charnel Mulligan (fun fact: the street name Charnelton is named after Charnel Mulligan!). This cemetery is also home to a mysterious Golden Eagle-topped monument solely dedicated to the "Ladies of the G.A.R.", which stands for Grand Army of the Republic. Very strange.

OV'S FIRST (AND LAST) ANNUAL

CEMETARY CRAWL

photos **SEAN DANAHER**



Laurel Grove Cemetery

Pioneer Cemetery

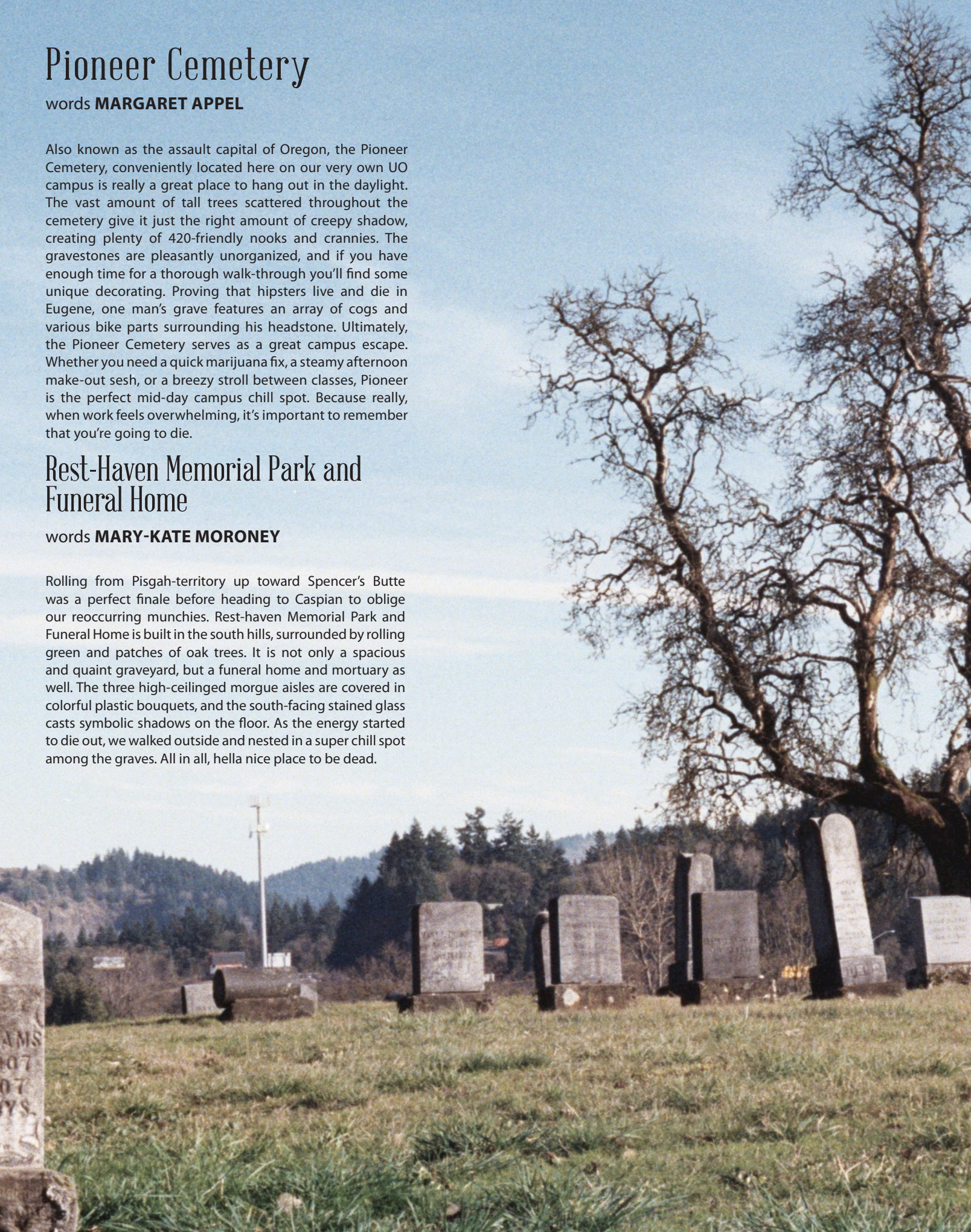
words **MARGARET APPEL**

Also known as the assault capital of Oregon, the Pioneer Cemetery, conveniently located here on our very own UO campus is really a great place to hang out in the daylight. The vast amount of tall trees scattered throughout the cemetery give it just the right amount of creepy shadow, creating plenty of 420-friendly nooks and crannies. The gravestones are pleasantly unorganized, and if you have enough time for a thorough walk-through you'll find some unique decorating. Proving that hipsters live and die in Eugene, one man's grave features an array of cogs and various bike parts surrounding his headstone. Ultimately, the Pioneer Cemetery serves as a great campus escape. Whether you need a quick marijuana fix, a steamy afternoon make-out sesh, or a breezy stroll between classes, Pioneer is the perfect mid-day campus chill spot. Because really, when work feels overwhelming, it's important to remember that you're going to die.

Rest-Haven Memorial Park and Funeral Home

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**

Rolling from Pisgah-territory up toward Spencer's Butte was a perfect finale before heading to Caspian to oblige our reoccurring munchies. Rest-haven Memorial Park and Funeral Home is built in the south hills, surrounded by rolling green and patches of oak trees. It is not only a spacious and quaint graveyard, but a funeral home and mortuary as well. The three high-ceilinged morgue aisles are covered in colorful plastic bouquets, and the south-facing stained glass casts symbolic shadows on the floor. As the energy started to die out, we walked outside and nested in a super chill spot among the graves. All in all, hella nice place to be dead.



THINK OUTSIDE THE CASKET

DIVERSE WAYS TO DECOMPOSE.

words **BENJAMIN FICKLIN**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

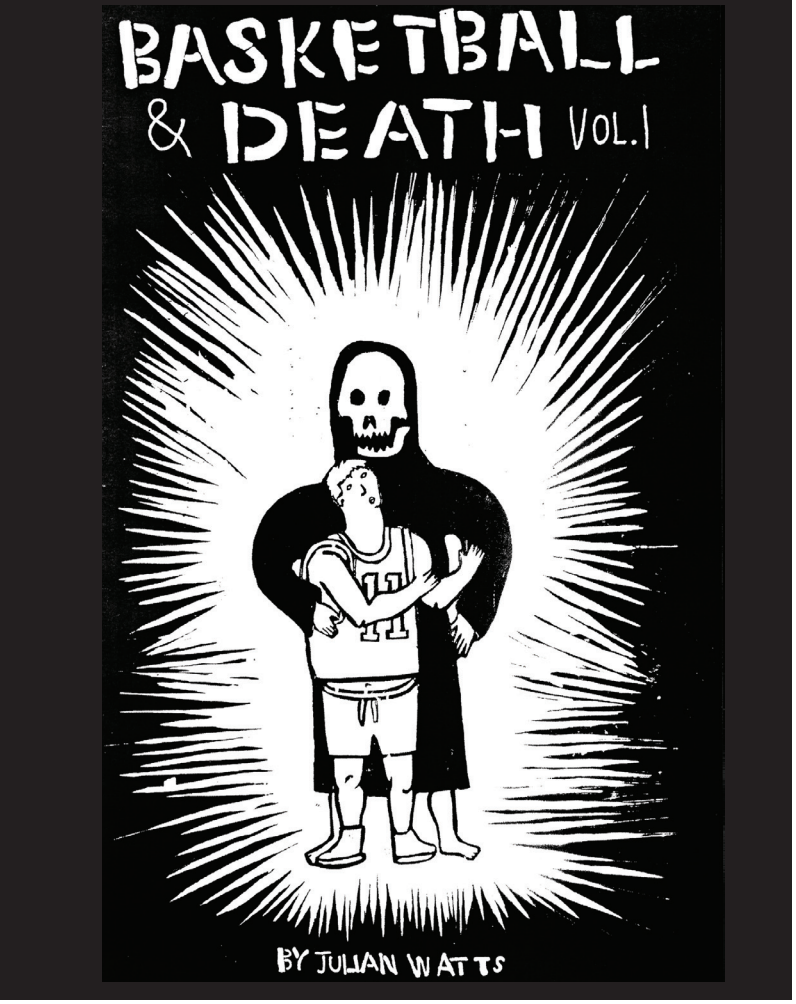
In America, we bury our dead. Rarely do we consider alternatives. But most cemeteries have become large generic apartment buildings for corpses. Large cities have seen so many generations of death we have filled our graveyards. As the dead continue to pile up, the overcrowding is dealt with in two ways. Either graves are unearthed and the original remains are incinerated to make room for the newly deceased, or the grave is dug deeper and the newly dead are stacked on top of forgotten strangers. Americans are under the impression that tombstones will permanently memorialize them, yet we all will be forgotten. Inspiration can be found in other cultures' death practices.

On the present-day border of Iowa and Wisconsin, the Hopewell Indians raised hundreds of ceremonial mounds towards the sky. They marked mass burials, where the dead were free to decompose and return their nutrients to the dirt. The mound's earthen forms were many, including geometric shapes, huge birds, winding serpents, and marching bears. At these spots the Hopewell celebrated all their ancestors, allowing everyone to communally reflect on living and dying. The mounds were placed to observe other sacred phenomena, such as certain astrological events — eclipses, new and full moons, the passing of planets, and the cycle of the sun. The Hopewell kept track of the celestial bodies to note planting and harvesting dates. What a practical way to appreciate dying; the sites were relevant and loved long after specific individuals were forgotten.

Just as the Hopewell Indians used the ground to commemorate their dead, the Pele-worshippers of Hawaii utilize what is beneath *their* feet: an extremely active volcano. Pele is the traditional Hawaiian goddess who lives within the expansive volcano Kilauea. From within the Earth the goddess and her fellow deities command the mountain's lava flows. Worshipers of Pele believe that casting the bones of the dead into Kilauea appeases the gods and will grant the islanders safety from volcanic devastation. From Kilauea's caldera, sulphuric clouds still spew into the sky, lava pumps through open vents, and the heat is so intense that it glows in the night. While American cremation burns loved ones in industrial ovens, Pele worshippers reintroduce their dead to the Earth.

Amidst Himalayan peaks, where the elevation is too high for any trees to survive, cremation is not an option for the Tibetan monks who live among the clouds. So when a body is vacated, it is left untouched for three days so the spirit can leave, brought to a remote peak, sliced to pieces, and quickly consumed by a frenzied crowd of wild vultures. Monks sit and chant solemnly while observing this passing of energy. When the ceremony has concluded the vultures are full and the body is gone.

Personally, this author wants his corpse to be left somewhere remote in the Sisters Wilderness. I like the idea of birds, worms, and bears surviving upon the energy of my body. If anybody wishes to pay me respect, they may visit the spot where my form was left. I will be in the scent of the sage bushes, the birds they hear, and the grass they stand on. You won't find me stuck in some box.



BALLER VS. DEATH

Let's ball,
Death.
Black robes pouring across the court
White hands
Skeleton.
Pounding sneakers, wet light
Hold my hand death, you are so tall.
No, leave me be!
I will slam dunk.
I will get a three pointer.
Death, beware.
Like dogs, snapping
Tortured pine trees in the wind
Tired Gladiators
We dance in the light.

I am doomed!

Defeat me, ancient one
My hands are small.
Carry me home.
Shadows sing in the stands,
Heat falls into black.
Dark eyes draw me in, wet, skeletal hands touch my face
"I will kill you"
Sneakers hit my heart.
A race of darkness
"Give me back my basketball shorts"
Death pours into my head, and across empty basketball courts.

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INTERVIEW: JOAN HARVEY, OBIT WRITER FOR THE OREGONIAN

interview **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

Joan Harvey was an obituary writer for The Oregonian until she was laid off two years ago. She loves to talk about obituaries and mourns the fact that the obituary writer profession is largely disappearing. Though writing about death all the time sounds depressing, Joan claims that obituaries are more about the celebration of life and confer due recognition to incredible lives.

The following is an exclusive email interview between Joan and the Voice's Lucy Ohlsen.

OV: Did writing obituaries ever affect you emotionally or change your outlook on life?

JH: I considered myself a professional who did not get emotionally involved. That being said, however, my heart did go out to survivors (particularly children) who were suffering and there were some stories that were particularly heart-breaking. Generally, however, I was not affected by the stories — we were writing about peoples' lives, doing the family a valuable service and only seldom (almost parenthetically) dealing with the death.

Obituary desks of newspapers are notoriously the jolliest places in the newsroom. When you're dealing with peoples' lives, there's a lot of inherent humor, and there's a lot of dark humor on top of that. A lot has been made of it being a defense mechanism, but I think that's simplistic.

OV: Is there one particular person you dreamt about writing an obituary for?

JH: If you mean "dreamt" literally, no. If you mean "dreamt" in the sense of "wishing for" or "would like to write," the answer is yes, in the most respectful way. There are many people we pass every day who have led extraordinary lives. There are lots of people whose obituaries I would like to write, but I don't know if any of them would like to read that.

OV: Did writing obituaries ever make you think about what you would write about people you knew or people you met?

JH: I do that constantly, but ever since high school, long before I got the chance to write obituaries.

OV: Why did you become an obituary writer?

JH: Writing obituaries was a job I pursued. I could go on forever about the importance of obits socially and historically. I started reading obits while I was in college and ran into a friend and asked about her mother, an extraordinary woman I admired immensely. The friend burst into tears and I learned her mother had died and I missed her service. When I looked up her obituary, I realized it didn't do justice to the many things she had contributed to the community (this was the 1960's and she was "just a housewife"). I vowed that when family members or friends died, their lives would be respected, and this just sort of grew into a general goal. I'm a strong believer in the worth of obituaries and mourn their loss.

OV: Did you ever receive negative feedback for a column?

JH: Yes, much. Perhaps the most interesting was the response from a Life Story (longer feature obituaries about ordinary people) of the daughter of Portland's most famous (and notorious) abortionist. The daughter led a colorful and dramatic life and I interviewed seven of her eight children and many other people, as well as reading clippings and books about her mother and her. When the story ran, however, the response was amazing, with people claiming I had an obvious "hidden agenda" either anti or pro abortion. It ran about 50-50 about where my hidden agenda lay, and there were those who objected to me writing about her at all, that she didn't "deserve" such a "tribute." In the Life Stories, I could write about a subject's struggles with multiple marriages, substance abuse, failed careers and mention that he or she wasn't very honest without a reaction, but mentioning that a person had a weight problem always created a furor, even when friends and family members said it was an important part of the person's life.

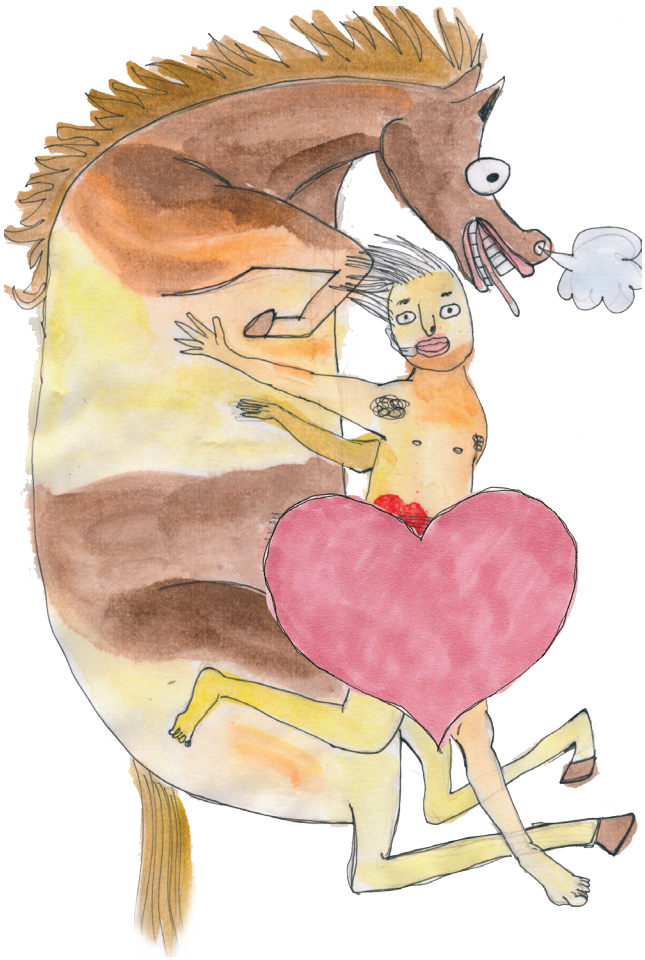
I AIN'T GOING OUT LIKE THAT

words **MARGARET APPEL**
art **LISA INOUE**

Oregon Voice's resident self-centered bitch Margaret Appel rambles about the worst and best ways to die imaginable.

I AM GOING OUT LIKE THIS

The worst death imaginable is inspired by a true story, a steamy legend in bestiality that you may be familiar with. In 2005 an engineer from Enumclaw, Washington named Kenneth Pinyan, also known as "Mr. Hands," also known as creepiest dude ever, died by way of anal horse sex. The lucky stallion was well hung, leaving Mr. Hands with some ruptured organs and acute peritonitis, and leaving the mysterious cameraman wondering why the hell he agreed to videotape it. Mr. Hands really didn't want to go to the emergency room (I think we know why), so he hung out for a few hours with severe abdominal pain before dying. Now, had he died instantly, I don't know that I could say this is the worst imaginable death. But Mr. Hands had to sit there for hours in extreme pain thinking about the fact that he was dying because he forced a horse to give it to him in some random stable, and that somewhere out there a video of the whole ordeal was now in existence. Now, to make this the absolute worst death imaginable, maybe add a little background music to set the mood — say, Clay Aiken's rendition of "O Holy Night" on repeat? And rather than an anonymous friend videotaping the unspeakable act, let's make it M. Night Shyamalan. Oh, and eating some Café Siena just before diving into the videotaped bestial-icious death-sex would definitely be the clincher here. To sum up, worst death ever: Café Siena, followed by fatal anal penetration from stallion penis to the holiday musical stylings of Clay Aiken, all made into a blockbuster film produced by M. Nigh Shyamalan. If there's anything I hope to accomplish in this lifetime, it is *not* to go out like that.



So how am I hoping it all ends? This is tough to say, as the cinematic world has provided me with a lot of inspiring material. I like the idea of going out with a gravity/science-defying bang, like the unforgettable *Scanners* head explosion scene, or the alien chest-pop that gruesomely took the life of some guy in *Alien* who was just trying to eat his dinner. But I suppose there's no getting around the fact that everyone's ideal death fantasy is personal and unique to them, so allow me to share mine with you — I mean, since you've already read this far. In perfect *Scarface* fashion, I'll begin by lifting my powdered nose from the giant pile of blow atop my fine mahogany desk, only to admire my latest houseguest Andre 3000, whom I've just had sexual intercourse with. His crazed and obviously less desirable girlfriend hires two assassins that chase me across a gorgeous meadow, shooting countless bullets that I continue to dodge effortlessly, still making time to push adorable meadow children out of harm's way. As with any chase scene of this nature, we approach a tall cliff with an angry sea whisping below. As I reach the cliff's edge, I stumble upon a large ghettoblaster circa 1986. I pick it up and press play, majestically gazing into a well-timed sunset — I know what I must do. As the chorus of Dio's "Holy Diver" thunders from the great stereo, I hold it high above my head and leap into the foamy abyss. I then enjoy my time in the afterlife as an upper-middle class house cat.

THINGS THAT SHOULD DIE

words **TROY BRYNELSON**
art **ANDREW HARDT**

When asked to write a list of things that should, well, die, you're inevitably sucked into this self-analytical quagmire, confronting your judgments and sublimated disdain. I wanted to write an authentic list with items that were equally frustrating and comical instead of pretty much copying whatever a beauty queen would say (for the record, I would definitely kill genocide and give world hunger the five-point palm exploding heart technique). No matter how insane it could make me look, I made this short list of things I think should die. Also I wrote this with my blood.

13th, between Alder and Kincaid

I'm surprised there aren't more accidents here, since it looks like Eugene borrowed Mumbai's city planner. Cyclists shoot around and pedestrians meander across the streets while cars try to bump their way through. It's chaotic. It kind of reminds me of salmon returning to spawn. The salmon shoot upstream while starving grizzly bears just take mean swipes through the water, looking for that extra-delicious bicycling fish that bleeds butter.

Sidenote: Who is in that giant concrete sarcophagus across the street from 7-11?

Blanket insults on style

You're either a hipster or a douche these days. That's it. Social caste is dictated by your obscure interest or your all-too-popular one, and you just rub it in everyone's face like a real jerk. I'm saying this as a friend.

The Illuminati

No-brainer right? This shadowy organization is responsible for your favorite dead rapper, Monsanto's world domination, and every Tim Tebow touchdown. I still haven't quite figured out how Santorum fits into all this, but trust me, the pieces are coming together. Also, I suspect the Illuminati are to blame for the demise of the fist bump.

Internet Censorship Bills

Some say the Internet is humanity's greatest invention. Today may be too soon to make that call, but after the instrumental use of social media throughout the Arab Spring last year, the Internet is more valuable than ever. But big media conglomerates are trying to squeeze every paycheck on copyrighted YouTube videos. There are titties on the Internet, too, and politicians can't really figure out how they feel about that.

Knight Library doors

Because chivalry never looked so puny.

Larry King

Ninety-eight percent sure Larry King is an ancient monster some unwitting team of archaeologists unearthed. He bathes in baby blood to stay alive. He's the arch-demon of the softball interview and frankly, I don't trust anything that wears suspenders.

Pollen

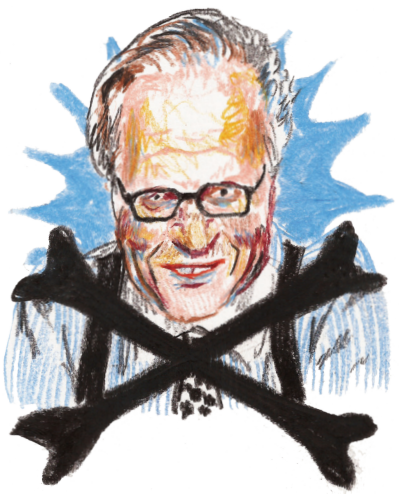
If anyone isn't willing to destroy entire ecosystems they obviously do not have allergies. Every time I walk outside I get weepy. It's like pollen keeps reminding my tear ducts that Macho Man died.

Reality TV

Imagine a future where reality TV is taught in history classes about early 21st Century America. Then again, that could be fun, so maybe Reality TV is redeemable in the long-run. We're going to have to wait at least three generations for the pay-off though: telling our grandkids stories of club fights the same harrowing way a World War II vet retells D-Day.

The Office

Mercy killing. At one point Michael Scott even said he wanted it euthanized.



DEAR GINGER BEARD

Submit questions for Ginger Beard to oregonvoice@gmail.com.

For emergencies, contact the Dear Ginger Beard 24-hour crisis hotline: 405-205-5409.

wisdom **PARKER MULLINS**
photo **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**

Dear Gingerbeard,
How do you describe a sunset to a blind man?

-Problems Encountered Explaining Picturesque Sunset

Forgive me, PEEPS, but I'm a fat kid all the way down to my over-stressed heart, and in searching for the correct sensory experience to use for this situation all roads lead to food. Munching on treats has a buffet of different senses and emotions attached to it. Perfect meal enjoyment is incredibly symbolic, much like the setting of the sun. There's that period of the sky beginning to change hues, the atmosphere shifting, creating an anticipation much like hearing a wok sizzle at its first oil, or the crackle of a 7-11 burrito as the radiation in a microwave sears away its outer freezer burn. Next is the first taste of the sunset, the contact with the horizon, startling and intriguing much like taking half a bite of a hot corndog, anxious for the next array of condiments. Almost too quickly, you realize your indulgence is nearing its end. The beautiful orange in the sky is darkening to purple behind Doug fir silhouettes. That crunchwrap supreme is down to the meatless section, so you use as much fire sauce as you can, relishing its finality. Before you even realize, it's gone. Now, some people claim to have seen this "green flash" in the final seconds of a setting sun. I certainly have, but not at twilight. I've seen this flash once, only once, during my last bite of a pulled pork sandwich made by Ken of BBQ King as I closed my eyes, listening to beer can-filled shopping carts rattle into the Safeway parking lot.

Dear Gingerbeard,
How do you feel about the fact that young women in our society openly admit to the public that they would let Chris Brown punch them in the face? I think this is horrible and degrading for all women everywhere. Chris Brown should not have been allowed to perform at the Grammys, he is a misogynist pig.

-Woman Against Chris

It's always enlightening to me what the world of Twitter and the people who cover its stories have to offer. I did not believe it at first, but there are in fact people out there who would readily place themselves in the front line against Brown's fists. Mind you, most of the tweets had letter repetition like "buttttttttttt" and "hitttttttt" and "anyyyyyyyyyy" to help most people recognize how insignificant their opinions were. Regardless, it's absolutely ridiculous that people like this who exist and have the ability to shit digital opinions through a Blackberry. It seems that a lot of these people just want attention, and in the process create a situation that leads to everyone questioning the horrible path this planet is taking. While a great deal of their morality and thought-process is in question, the music industry plays a large role too. Less than three years ago, when the pictures of Rihanna's face first surfaced, the entire public was appalled. There was an anti-Chris alliance in full force. Somehow, this asshole still managed to put out hit songs. He faced no barriers from record labels or radio stations and through this creepily subversive reintroduction to the mainstream he has won a Grammy Award and is recorded in two recently-released songs with the same woman he bludgeoned in 2009. It sends the exact opposite message that it should, which is that fame and hit songs place you on a level too high to be held accountable for actions that are unquestionably tragic, sinister, and wrong. Though there remains a great deal of controversy about this situation in the past few weeks, there has still been so little done about the original situation in the first place from those who produce and distribute music, and that is what is truly disgusting. I am personally a big fan of Rihanna, and it saddens me that she somehow got played back into cahoots with this truly Rude Boy.

Dear Gingerbeard,
I recently noticed that fashion is at a standstill. Clarks are to hipsters as vans are to bros. How do I stand out from all the snap backs and Chrome bags without looking like I try too hard?

- Super Worried About Getups

I feel you on this, SWAG. I too have noticed Lawrence Hall experiencing a bit of a Clark's stagnation in recent months. On occasion there's even a chance to see a Peace Love Fratter rockin' some desert boots on 13th street, but that's no reason to get down on the steez scene. In my personal opinion, what's really important is the mixture of practicality and class. In Oregon, that means one thing in particular: clean ass outdoor-oriented clothing. Whether you're coppin' some classy '90s Patagonia or Columbia from your local Value Village or going hard with some Danner hiking boots, you'll be sure to look fly and stay dry. Also, be careful when it comes to denim. Don't get me wrong, SWAG, denim jackets have a high dopeness factor, but the hipster vs. bro battle that constantly rages on college campuses across the country is getting a little too Outsiders-y, and I find it unsettling.

GHOST BIKES **ARE A THING**

words and photo **AIDAN McCLEAN**

In the eerie purple glow of the FedEx sign on 13th Avenue, a pristine white bike stands permanently on its kick-stand. A laminated placard hangs on the handlebars for onlookers and passersby to read, and flowers surround the wheels. These painted-white bikes, or "ghost bikes," are resurrected as memorials for fallen bicyclists due to tragic run-ins with motorists. They are placed at the scenes of brutal accidents, and friends and family decorate them with flowers and post-mortem messages of love and remembrance.

The grassroots effort originally started on the streets of St. Louis in 2003 when Patrick Van Der Tuin witnessed an accident and decided to place a white bike at the scene with a sign that read "Cyclist Struck Here." Once Van Der Tuin realized how affective the shocking monument was, he enlisted friends to help him erect more than 15 bikes in well-known places in St. Louis where cyclists had been hit. Eugene first adopted this unique roadside art form in hopes of raising awareness in 2008 after the death of David Mathew Minor. An active community member, he was hit by oncoming traffic while riding the wrong way on a one way street. Eugene has since made at least one more ghost bike in addition to the 500 across the world in 180 different cities. To see ghost bikes from all over the world, go to www.ghostbikes.org.

HEARTS AND CRIMES RADIO

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

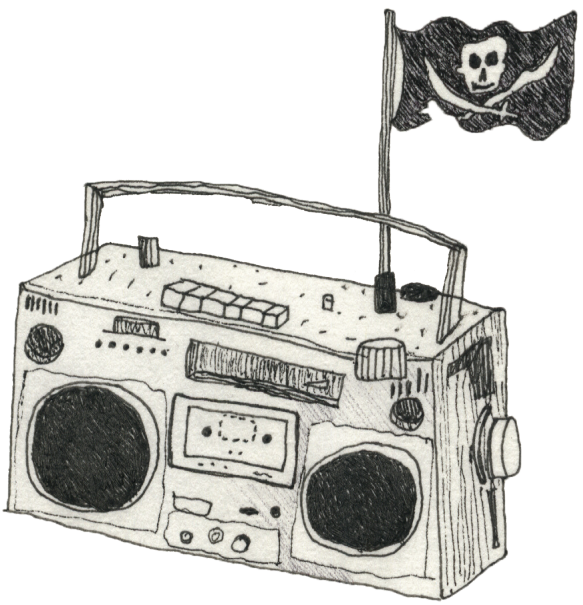
Hearts and Crimes radio is Eugene's latest incarnation of a pirate radio station. The broadcasters are not a group of peg-legged, parrot-toting buccaneers, but a group of ragtag Eugenians. Aligning somewhat with the Occupy movement, they fight the corporate world by broadcasting whatever they feel like, whenever they feel like it. Or at least, they're doing what they can after being chased down by the FCC in February.

While pirating radio waves is a crime, it's not usually very frowned upon by society. "We violate the specific regulations about money and censorship," said Daniel, one of the lead pirates. He acknowledged that regulation is a good thing, because otherwise the radio waves would be clogged with various broadcasts fighting for air time. Daniel said NPR and college radio stations cave too much to the FCC's censorship rules about "decent" speech that won't offend "normal" society. Part of the Hearts and Crimes mission is to use radio as a tool of free speech, not only by using cuss words but by using it to instigate mass assemblies of people. Daniel also said that the costs of getting a license to broadcast aren't feasible for anyone without a lot of money. He emphasized that KHAC is only committing a minor violation. This smacks of Occupy rhetoric, which Daniel says overlaps a lot with the pirates' cause.

In December, KHAC successfully filled the waves of 87.5 FM with music, political discussion, lectures, books on tape, and anything else that the group felt lacked a channel for expression. They selected radio as their medium because it is accessible to everyone from the homeless to Phil Knight. 87.5 is on the very edge of your radio dial, though, and a lot of radios don't even go that far. The pirates realized this, and started looking for another frequency to use. They had to get rid of their charming motto "first on your dial, first in your hearts," when they pirated the waves of 98.5 in early February, but they wanted to reach more listeners.

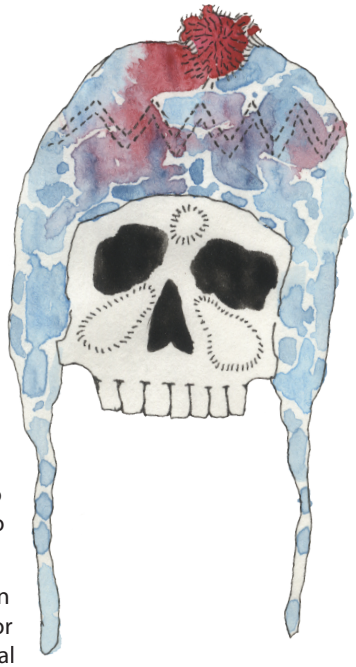
Soon after the frequency change, authorities showed up at KHAC's door, threatening to break in and shut them down. It's fairly easy to create a pirate radio station, but it's also easy to track down where the pirates are broadcasting from (a conspicuous antenna is necessary). The big bad FCC didn't succeed in breaking the spirit of Hearts and Crimes Radio, though. They packed up ship and immediately set sail on a voyage to find a new, discrete broadcasting locale.

KHAC hasn't been back on the air since they were shut down, but they haven't quit searching for ideas. A recent overheard brainstorm included broadcasting from inside of a giant safe, and their Facebook page has seen a recent uptick in action. Stay tuned.



FROZEN DEAD GUY FESTIVAL

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**



If you're thinking about freezing your body when you die, you might want to reconsider. Even if cryonics actually becomes a feasible way to extend your lifetime at a future date, have you ever thought about the responsibility you'd incur on your loved ones? In order to keep a human body frozen indefinitely, you need someone to deliver 2 tons of new ice every two weeks.

Luckily for Grandpa Bredo, the town of Nederlands, Col., was looking for a quirky attraction to boost its local economy. Bredo arrived from Sweden 22 years ago, already in a deep, frosty slumber. His family took care of him for as long as they could, but eventually their lives became less flexible, compromising their uncle's solid state, and they put an add on Craigslist for an "ice-man" to take over his care.

Bo the ice man has now been delivering 1600 pounds of dry ice to Grandpa Bredo's sarcophagus monthly for 17 years. After he began to give tours of the Tuff Shed, Grandpa Bredo's crypt, Nederlands became synonymous with "the town with the frozen dead guy." The Chamber of Commerce jumped on the hype, seeing an opportunity to capitalize on the quirky attraction. In 2001, the Frozen Dead Guy festival was born.

The festival is centered around Grandpa Bredo, though Bredo doesn't benefit financially from any of the activities. There are athletic events, including frozen turkey bowling, frozen beach volleyball, and a frozen salmon toss. There is a coffin race, where teams of six people, plus one in a coffin, race to complete an obstacle course.

At the Saturday night "Blue Ball," people dress up to look like they are frozen and dead. Best dressed is crowned "ice queen" or "ice king" of anther event, the "hearse parade." "There's a lot of crazy Goths, and they deck out real hearses," Amanda MacDonald, the owner of the festival said. She reflected on a parade where a guy with a one-foot-tall red Mohawk decorated his hearse with machine guns.

The festival also boasts three days of free, local-dominated music, as well as beer from local brewers. MacDonald said she was especially proud of being able to host a free music festival, and at the same time providing a quality "format for local musicians." The festival is largely sponsored by local businesses, with an obvious and justifiable exception for Tuff Shed.

Tours of Bredo's Tuff Shed with Bo the ice man are offered two or three times each day of the festival. The tour begins with a scenic drive in the Colorado mountains up to "Trygve's castle." Trygve, Granpa Bredo's original caretaker, had begun constructing the castle in hopes of starting his very own cryonics facility. Bo finished the castle, and he shows visitors around the fire-proof, earthquake-proof, and bomb-proof building. The next and only other stop is at the Tuff Shed itself, where Grandpa Bredo patiently waits for science to hurry up and advance.

The Frozen Dead Guy Festival embraces the town of Nederlands, and MacDonald is straight up front about trying to make money for the town. "It's hard to get by in Nederlands," she said. Unlike most economy-boosting programs, though, this festival is cool enough that even the dead join in the fun.

OVERCAST ANTIQUES AND CURIOSITIES

words **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

On an unassuming block in downtown Eugene, between a 24-hour FedEx and a motorcycle-themed hair salon, resides Overcast Antiques and Curiosities, a space that serves as a tribute to all that is old, odd, and haunting.

The couple that owns Overcast Antiques and Curiosities, Tim Franck and Jennifer Gerrity, opened the business in September. They have collected their curiosities and antiques by frequenting flea markets, estate sales, yard sales, and antique shows. Gerrity travels yearly to Europe to search for oddities.

Upon first entering Overcast, it is nothing out of the ordinary for a vintage shop. Wooden display cases, shelves, and tables overflow with various goodies. Haunting music plays quietly in the background, but nothing overly nefarious. It is like accidently walking into your tall, pale Transylvanian uncle's secret study.

After looking around, you will notice that, in almost any direction you look, some form of eyes are staring back at you, be it a puppet-like mask, or statue, or one of the many portraits in which the subject or subjects look at you with dead, glaring eyes.

This leads to the realization that the things in this store not only belonged to people now certainly dead, but some of the items were probably used to kill people.

Upon accepting that you are among the dead, you will find that Overcast has curiosities for collectors from both sides of the tracks. There are $4 church keys, $2 buttons, and $1 post cards, some already written on by somebody who has since passed away. The store has some real gems, including a jarred chinchilla fetus, a mummified cat carcass, an 18th century spearhead, books of the occult, and some of the creepiest portraits you ever did see. If none of that gets you going, there are nudie playing cards for sale.

actually very serious. That "save the ta-tas" bumper sticker you're rocking on your Ford Escape isn't cute or charming, it's offensive and probably hurtful to anyone who's "ta-tas" were not saved over the course of their life-threatening disease. Do you people realize how insensitive this is? Can you imagine what a woman might be going through after losing a breast in a world that has over-sexualized the value of this body part to the point where terms like "sweater meat" actually exist? Not to mention the thousands of human lives that have been lost as a result of this disease, which really makes the priority of *saving the ta-tas* seem pretty fucking shallow. And hey now, let's not forget 2,000 men who are diagnosed with breast cancer every year, whom I'm assuming shy away from the pink ribbon and ta-ta merchandise. When I think of breast cancer, I don't giggle salaciously at its sexual undertones, and neither should you. So when you see someone's baby pink "save the ta-tas" mug around the office, I would encourage you to smash it.

WTF 50 FOR 5000

words **JACK WASHER**

In the EMU's most recent attempt to appear more green and progressive they came up with the brilliant idea of trying to find a way to save 5000 paper cups. The not-so-brilliant part is they decided to put on an "idea drive" to ask students how they might solve this mind-bending problem with the added incentive of 50 bucks and a years supply of (shitty) Allann Bros coffee.

The piteous forum for student ideas found on 50 for 5000's website (**http://50for5000.uoregon.edu/#about**) wrestles with a problem that's painfully simple to solve. It's called a reusable mug/Thermos/Ragu jar/whatever, folks. The notion that there's some miracle idea out there that's going to turn mindless coffee consumers into environmental superstars is hella stupid. Trying to change our habits through the use of advertisements and punch cards goes to show that the EMU doesn't really care about being green, and more importantly, truly doesn't care about our own environmental education. Regardless of what dumb idea the EMU decides to implement, do it for your own sake and your planet's sake by bringing your very own reusable receptacle to school — preferably filled with some delicious home brewed coffee.

What's that one Kid Cudi song?

Mom you should try a shriiiiiiiiiiimp rollllllll uuuuuppp!

It was really cool!

It was like dog porn.

This is America. You hold doors open for people.

Fuck me. I am wearing the worst bra for the Party Bus.

She's afraid of telescopes, by the way. She's told pretty much everyone.

Last time I saw you, you were rolling your ass off with a package of fig newtons.

Don't Get SAD, Get A LIFE

(*a long-winded WTF*)

words **AZUL DAHLSTROM-ECKMAN**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

There are events throughout the year that one encounters with varying levels of excitement. Days such as Christmas, the birthday of a loved one, the release of the annual *Oregon Daily Emerald* article about SAD (Seasonal Affective Disorder), or the corresponding Oregon Voice article critiquing it. Here's to tradition.

The *ODE* describes SAD as a depressed state typically experienced by out-of-state students who are not used to Oregon's gloomy winters. Treatment for SAD typically involves sitting in front of a light box for 20 to 90 minutes a day. My advice? Put on a raincoat, grow a pair of sexual organs (per your predisposition), and go enjoy your life.

Personally I'd rather bury my head in sand than sit in front of an electric bulb. If you can't handle the heat, get out of the kitchen. If you can't handle the rain, get out of the Oregon.

But who cares what I think? I'm just some guy.

To show what a sham this "disorder" really is, and to determine whether or not happiness can be found in Eugene despite what some might call unpleasant weather, I sought the counsel of two year-round Eugene residents: Dennis "Whitey" Lueck and Lauren Bilbao.

Whitey is an adjunct instructor at the University of Oregon who teaches two classes: The Nature of Eugene and Trees Across Oregon. As you might imagine from his coursework, he spends a lot of time outside. Whitey suffers from *happy*, an optimism-induced state that prevents him from feeling down even in the "worst" weather. Armed with little but a smile, a raincoat, and his trusty umbrella, he adventures outside daily. So how does he stay happy despite "bad" weather?

"I know there are certain things I need to do each day in order to be content" says Whitey. "Doing something to make money and doing something for free. Doing something cerebral and doing something physical. Doing something inside and doing something outside."

Lauren Bilbao is a team leader at UO's Urban Farm, a year-round gardener, and a damn good cook. Like Whitey, she has lived in and around Eugene for at least a couple decades, spends a majority of her time outside, and still seems to be able to stay positive despite what the weather may bring. Yet unlike Lueck, she does not suffer from happy. She concedes that some people would feel SAD if they were deprived of sunlight.

"We evolved from photosynthesizing algae," says Bilbao. "Every living thing changes its behavior when there is less sun. Take chickens, for example. Chickens don't know shit, but the circadian rhythm of a chicken tells it to lay fewer eggs in the winter." Humans are not different, she says. "During winter, human beings go into a dormant phase. They withdraw, retreat, and reflect on their lives, and enjoy the pleasure of stillness." To Bilbao, its perfectly natural, and not necessarily undesirable, to feel a little different, possibly even SAD, when winter comes around and sunlight dwindles.

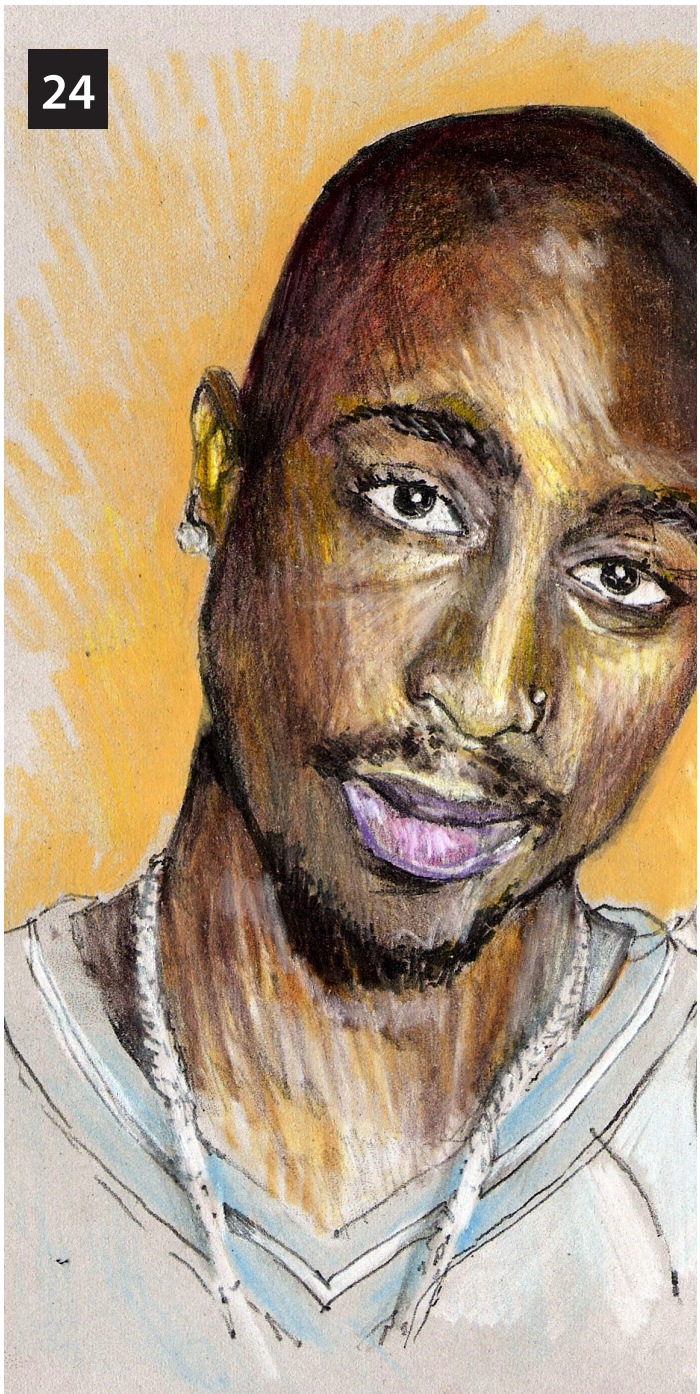
As a gardner, she spends hella time outside, and she considers herself in tip-top mental health. Correlation with Lueck? I think so. When asked to speculate on why college students might feel SAD, Bilbao attributes the "disorder" to a lack of time spent outside. "Take a bunch of robust, motivated college students, insist they only get four hours of daylight and spend the rest of their time under fluorescent lights, and yeah, it's perfectly real that they would feel SAD."

Don't be fooled by forecasts claiming that storms are "pummeling" or "pounding" us. These longtime Eugene residents serve to show that the weather in Eugene isn't all that bad, and that you might actually need to get into the out-of-doors for your mental health, no matter what the weather. So next time you are sitting by your window, feeling SAD, wishing the rain would stop, just remember what Whitey always says: "A rainy day in the forest is *always* better than a sunny day in town."

WTF SEXY BREAST CANCER

words **MARGARET APPEL**

Breasts: jugs, cannons, funbags, dirty pillows, titties, bosoms, knockers, gobstoppers, ta-tas, flapdoodles, milk wagons, ninnies, dueling banjos, roundies, sweater meat — and the list goes on. While all of these mammarian euphemisms are undeniably sexy, they really can't compare to the *udder* sexiness of malignant neoplasm and unregulated cell growth; also known as cancer. You see, unlike other forms of the second leading cause of death in the US, breast cancer is kind of hot because it grows inside of everyone's favorite sexual accessory, the boobies. So what better way to raise awareness of this devastating disease than to emphasize the true tragedy at hand, which is the possibility that breasts — precious, supple breasts — could be lost somewhere in the process of women fighting for their lives. Sarcastic rants aside, this appears to be the actual thought process that some fratty marketing team went through when they started pumping out those swanky *I heart boobies* bracelets we all see on the arms of middle school boys, and a bunch of other pink shit bearing the "save the ta-tas" slogan. I get that donations to breast cancer research are both great and necessary, but honestly I'm more turned off than ever to donating my money to something that uses boobie slang to make its point — which is



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editor-in-chief
NOAH DEWITT

publisher
MARGARET APPEL

art director
TAYLOR JOHNSTON

managing editor
LUCY OHLSEN

layout director
COURTNEY HENDRICKS

multimedia director
NOAH PORTER

advertising director
LISA INOUE

associate editors
BEN STONE
JOSEPH DE SOSA
TROY BRYNELSON

cover art
JULIAN WATTS

contributors
IMOGEN BANKS, CHELSEY BOEHNKE, TRACE CABOT, JORDAN CHESNUT, CLAIRE SCHECHTMAN, SCHUYLER DURHAM, JULIAN EARNEST, BENJAMIN FICKLIN, ALLISON FONDER, SAIGE KOLPACK, JOSH LARSEN, ZACH MCKINNEY, MARY-KATE MORONEY, LISA HARRIS, ALLISON FONDER, PARKER MULLINS, WILL PAUGH, BRETT SISUN, WILL STEVENS, JACK WASHER, JULIAN WATTS, MITCHELL RIVET, ALEX FALLENSTEDT, SREANG HOK, MEGHAN LARKIN, MARGOT DENMAN, SHININGGRASS, ANDREW HARDT, AIDAN MCLEAN, AZUL DAHLSTROM-ECKMAN, THE WOLF

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EDITOR'S NOTE

I usually tell people I love all of the Oregon Voice's brainchildren equally, but between you and me, this one's definitely my favorite. The Life/Death Issue is two separate magazines — one dark and reflective, the other shining and optimistic — bound together at the centerfold like conjoined twins. But it hasn't been an easy one to squeeze out. This baby's heavy. Physically speaking, it is 16 pages heavier than our standard 32-page issues. But it's also got more philosophical heft than we at the Voice are used to dealing with. With a theme like Life and Death, I feel like this Editor's Note is supposed to answer the existential question: What's the purpose of life?

But just because the topic we're exploring is weighty and grave doesn't mean we're not going to try to make you laugh. That's kind of our thing. In our eyes, the OV's role on campus is not just to inform you about about art, music, and issues that affect students, but to do so in a silly, non-depressing way. When faced with the choice between having fun and not having fun, for us it's a no-brainer.

So if dead week's got you feeling dead, just remember there's a flip side. We don't expect you to spend your academic crunch time giggling over these pages. But if you make it through finals, grab a copy and have a good laugh with us as we ponder life and death.

Dead inside,

Noah D

P.S. The purpose of life is to not pull a triple all-nighter. Ever.

OFFICIAL STUFF

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mailing address
Oregon Voice Magazine
1228 Erb Memorial Union
Suite 4, Eugene OR 97403

contact
ovoice@uoregon.edu
www.oregonvoice.com
(541) 346-4769

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CEMETERY CRAWL

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YOUNG DEADHEADS

HAUNTED LORAX

the DEATH issue